Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 30

Haven’s Rockville

‘The Beginnings,’ Maggie’s granddaughter kind-a…

The year is October 7, 1916, it was said, that she was a young girl, was buried beneath a weeping willow tree, down towards the old train tracks, and that she would take over some of the young minds, that would come her way as that walked along them at the twilight of a creepy night.

Her grave marked with a noting other than the year, and a name that is rubbing away from age, she was so young and was tied down by a lover

on the tracks- for it to cut her in two, that train still comes down this line with its haunting steam, and load blow on the horns. And some say they see her as they sit in the cars looking up close in their face… as if she is feeling their soul, to see if she wants to take it, as she did with mine, I am now her.

Just she is the girl in the window, that is lost looking for a way out, she haunts the old Victorian next to the tree and tracks. Nothing more than a chipping rock, and a pale face looking out- and we have all see her,

she is real- even the one that does not believe, like the ones that do not think God is real say, she is a real ghost. Not more than a girl looking for happiness, some have even seen her walking to her swing, which blows in the wind of the old tree that must be 100 years old now.

I did not want to draw attention to her resting place, as I look at the train is doing 25 miles per hour or so- heading for the Rockville Bridge in Pennsylvania, this creepy house

stands, and so does she in her room looking out.

Nevertheless, I could not leave her without remembrance, so I went to see her for myself and end up feeling her from the inside like she feels me on the outside. She will never sleep peacefully I found out looking over the story, no one to disturb her, she just was too young, no sounds but whistle, and the vibration of the train coming down the line. That she flows in her essence… testifies to the power of friendship and generosity to conquer

greed and depression. A wonderfully imaginative, startlingly moving and at times wickedly funny fantasy.

Part: 1

On a dark- October 4th 100 years to the day… I started doing this… every evening, she is at sitting at the window watching the storm, or me or something like that, I was as the little girl, Through the darkness sees a faint light, of the steamer going by like always.

Before she could come to the window the light disappeared. She sees

me to like a spooky dream in your mind. I waited some minutes, to feel connected to her… Very faintly the light reappeared, flickering through the trees, she was with me… and I was in her, and she in me.

She looked down at me and decided to keep quiet this time, as she went down and into my body. I was absorbed in her, slipping oh so quietly out of the room, to be with me down by the tracks, and crept down the stairs to the back door, she went through… all the walls.

The track I walked cautiously along the edge, staying in the shadows, with her holding my hand. The excitement made me tremble… Everywhere, I go I have no privacy, I have no satisfaction, I cannot get it… it is not something I can have.

My phone is tapped, and my PC hacked. I am being watched right now; I just feel that I am. She knows everything I do, everywhere I go. She sees who I am friends with and end it just because she can. She sits me up just to fall into her trap. I have used a

fake name, it is all the same, I am her toy in her sick twisted game. At what point, do you say- I have had enough. Stop it- get a life!

Sarah- Friend come and go, I know that nothing can last more than a week with me; it has been like this all my life. You just get attached, and she puts an end to it so fast… you would not believe me. Why I do not know it is because she must have me on her own, and she cannot see me have the love of another that is not her? I do not know… all I know is that everyone leaves me

before I want them too. But like I have a choice. No, not really. If you want me- we need to...

Run… and never look back, we go far from here where it will not matter, will be gone so far away that the names she says, will not mean a thing because we will have each other, and not care what others say. Our happiness would lie in each other's arms and the ring on your finger. I do not want to trap you, but you need to say yes to me, so this can happen! The sooner the better!

I am trapped by an overprotective and malicious boyfriend, who beats you. Who makes you work like a fool…? The jerk will not even buy you a ring after so many years of dating.

He trapped you!

Do you really think he loves you? Or is he just trapping you until he finds something more or just settles? You are tipped by your town. You are tipped because you like me but cannot. You are trapped because of what they all say about me. All that matters to me

is what you think, not them. You are tipped by him, and he makes sure that you are not even allowed to look at another man like me. Plus, it all goes back to her, the one that trapped us both in not being in love. Forbidden to dating, see, looking, feel, or even talk to one another.

I am- Tripped into missing out, tripped into being the weirdo, as the girl lost in the window…

I am- Tripped in to not knowing what you would feel like, in a hug or

kiss. Tripped into be hated for no reason other by her rumors.

Tripped into missing you. You are trapped into wishing for me and dreaming of what could be. Yet your friends love him and not me, with me all they see in the past that is not true, a past that I was trapped into. I am trapped by you- in so many ways, that you never even knew about.

I am- Trapped because I have fallen in love with you and cannot seem to forget about you. You are on my

mind all the time. No blocks can stop us from someday getting together.

That is only if you get out of the trap of allowing everyone to push you around. You must be strong and fight. I am trapped into fighting for your hand, and your love, and I just do not know why I keep trapping myself to you. I just do not understand why I cannot get you out of my mind. I know one thing I never trip you like everyone seems to do around here; I am not like that. If you want me fine, and if not

fine. I am trapped into being a hopeless romantic…

Me- I must get out. I do not care what my mind says is logical, what my heart says it needs! There have been rumors of an uprising free of all the restrictions of the world. I am done caring about the consequences. It is time to be self-interested and do some for me. The longing of you I cannot take it anymore. The passion I have for you has my skin on fire! I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, and I can function right. Without you being in my life. It seems

like you and I are trapped into having chastity belts, with no way to unlock them and connect. Your boyfriend has your key, and she has mine.

I am- Trapped into the fantasy of us sleeping together playing in my head. Trapped into wanting more than a one-night stand with you. Like that even possible. You are trapped into making him happy, will on the inside you are miserable.

Trapped!

I am without you next to me now. I want to feel your kiss; I want to

feel your body spooning or unstop of mine. I want to go out with you, and not have everyone stop it.

I want to go everywhere with you. I want you to live with me, you have a home here, if you can get out of your trap, I may be able to get out of mine. I want you to share my bedroom… I know it is crazy! But- I want you to be my girl. You have trapped me under the spell of your green eyes, and shy little sensual ways. ‘Instead of losing my mind to you, I was hoping it would have been something

else. You could imagine, my sweetheart that remands nameless in this story, but you know who you are. Do me this favor and take it from me. I don't want to be thirty when I get married either, I want it now as I want you now.'

'I don't care when as long as it's soon, I don't care how as long as it happens, I don't care who sees us, it could be in a car in a local store parking lot. It's all the same to me along as I am with you!' If you are the one, I want you to be the first in everything, you should not feel trapped

by him to feel love like that. I am not sure if I will be your first, but I want to be the last. You should be feeling the love from me.

The love I can give and take with you.

Its love I have for you… not entrapment.

Really, I do not think I am being selfish it is just time for this all happens to me. I have waited too long now!

Self-seeking I just need you, to save me! Trapped into taking care of everyone else, while nobody takes care of me.

Trapped into setting at home and going out to getaway.

Trapped into using other's money, because they will not let me work, I have everything I need, but not what I want.

Trapped into doing work, and not getting paid. Trapped for life, and afraid!

Taped in my faith, yet to me, that is a good thing. Hopeful that there is a life after death if not then life is not worth living is it. Taped into fear of death, trapped into seeing death all around me. Tapped into being around life, that just does not get it.

Trapped into feeling cold. Trapped into being warm to those that are cold. Taped into seeing the small light, in the never-ending darkness. Trapped in never ever giving up.

Sarah- (Longing and Desire) I am longing to see you. Longing to be

with you, longing to hear from you. I am longing for you. A longing like desire, I am desiring what I am longing for, and desiring is what trapping me to you right now. Longing and desire that he has for you is pushing you away from him, and me.

Like a dark storm over your head. You have longed for me, but can it be, but will you and I be more than longing and desire? Will we always be trapped in too long and desire, by the ones that long and desire to keep us apart?

I am longing and desiring your kiss on my lips! I am longing for your desiring hug with my hand right above your hips. Letting go of the past, with its dark toxic memories seeing them slip and ripe from our grip and fade away, for a brighter happier day, all I can do is pray for the both of us. You and I,

being together is necessary! I just need to have your trust. Today, I feel alone...

Me- In the morning, when I woke up, I want to talk with my

friends... But I could not find anybody... neither my life nor by me. My soul was eaten by loneliness… I have been living in a new place for four months, and I do not have a friend. I feel like I am cursed... Look, nobody writes even here. There are a lot of voices in my mind, and I cannot stop them.

‘That's now the fifth day of rain.’ Alayna said. ‘Shouldn't we do something together this weekend?’

The microwave turned on by itself, I knew it was her, playing games as I also feel her hugging me, the lights

flickered, and my mom did not even blink. Alayna and Harold retreated into the living room, not sure what to do. The TV played an ad, for The Haunting- and a giggle- yet it is her giggles in me, not mine.

‘When something's strange in the neighborhood… I know that it’s her taking my energy for her use-age.’ They held each other close, no sign of having a fall out just five minutes’ pass- my thinks I have lost it holding my own body for so long- Smalling like a nut.

They looked at the TV.

They looked at each other. ‘Alayna laughed. Today, I feel alone… I want to talk with my friends, on the tracks she is all I have or want. But I could not find anybody… else that gets me like she… It was a dark stormy night, and the train was coming fast at me, and I want it to run me down… she said this is what happened to me, the thunder awakened me or, so I thought, and I feel the wind of the train rush by me as I got out of the way just in time.

Then- just like that- I do not know how- I was in my bed cozy and

warm, with her in the sheets with me, however, that is when I saw her hovering over me, we- I looked up, I thought I was dreaming. Yet she called out my name and said…

‘I'm here to protect you, take my hand and I can show you the way to the light.’ It is like I could feel her inside me, inside my soul.

She was talking to me, without saying a word, I felt her through, I feel her emotions, and I feel a teardrop running down my cheek. It was the baby girl we lost when Alayna had a

miscarriage, this baby is what broke us up, we blamed each other I was not sure- if I could trust her; she looked innocent enough, but something nagged at the back of my mind, something I ought to have remembered but could not grasp.

It is like I could see through her, she looked just like my wife, when she was about nine years old. Younger? And we used to play in the sandbox together in our sweatshirts or less. I guess are mothers through that was cute… or something, I have the

photograph. Anyways- that was the first time I met her in the sandbox as a boy, and the girl that is over me looks so much like her that it is eerie to me. But why is she looking down at me? I had not seen my wife for ten years; the marriage had not lasted long. We were better as friends.

The girl in front of me smiled shyly, just like Alayna used to, and held out her small hand. As I took her hand the storm fell silent, and I felt a strange energy course through me. It like she was saying hello daddy. She would be 5

if she were alive. There is not a day or night that I do not think about what could have been.

But wait, the girl in front of me looked five, but our little Lucie would have been nine now. Was it that long ago? I vowed to contact Sarah, to try to say all the things I thought of over the years we had been apart.

There was so much I had to tell her, so much I had to ask forgiveness for.

Up till now would she forgive me, would the love be there for me? Is

my little girl letting me no something that I do not know as of now? Is Alayna in need of me? Why now, why am I seeing Lucie?

I remember, the day I met Alayna it seems like so long ago, she was a first-year student, and I was a senior. She was a cheerleader, and I was in the marching band. She was popular as for me not so much. I will never forget the first time she held my hand; she was everything to me then. I love her too much and drive her away, but why did I have to lose my only

baby, there was no other girl for me than Sarah. I never dated, or went out, and one point I wanted to give up on my life, yet I did not.

And therefore...

When we met in college, I could hardly believe she was the same little girl, I had played in the sandbox with. There was a big party after the game and Alayna came over to me to talk about music. She took my hand and led me into the garden, and that was the beginning of our life together.

I do not think we would have lasted together if we had not been so hard on each other; we knew what we had to lose and that kept us coming back to each other. It took something outside our control to cause a rift big enough to break us apart.

Her hand was soothingly warm as she guided me out of bed and over to the window. The storm was still quite ferocious, but we were in a bubble of calm, just me and Lucie.

I see my child not being her- It was amazing to think, she is my

daughter, she a good kid, and I am getting to share these moments with her, moments that I thought I would never have. Really, I am just in awe of her and the blessings of God's goodness for letting this happen for me. So, that I understand something clearly at last without understanding something clearly at last. It is every man’s dream to see his little girl grow up and be happy. I did not have that, but I am blessed to have this now.

Me- I evoke when we made this little girl, several weeks before the big

day. The room was all ready for the day she came home, the walls soft in a rosy shade, and the crib and everything else was white. A butterfly mobile over top to soothing her to sleep.

Now that baby tune that it plays is hunting me if played. The picture frame on the wall is empty, the rocking chair has never been used. The stuffed teddy never squeezed. The baby bottles never held. The pack of pampers on the changing table never opened. The girly outfits never off the hangers. The door was closed by me,

locking the memories away, and behind me. I do not go in her room I just cannot, it has not changed in years.

I was the happiest baddy in the world, the day I found out she was a baby girl. I loved her before she even had a name. I want to perfect her from all the bad in this world and to be what was good. Show her that daddy is the only man that she can really trust. I wanted to buy her all the pink dress that I could.

Take her to the park, she and her walk and talk. I wanted to go to

every school play and sports game that she was going to be a part of… I wanted to read her a bedtime story, really, I just wanted to be her daddy! I even wanted to see her been a dreadful teenager, I wanted to see her go to her first dance.

I wanted to see her find someone that loved her as much as I do. I wanted to have that dace the night she would have married. I wanted to see her grow up to a woman and give me grandbabies.

That would be perfect in my eyes and could do no wrong. That I could spoil. No man should have to see his baby girl go, before them it is the toughest thing in life to have to deal with and you never get over it, you learn to accept with it, really what chose- do yah have otherwise.

I can see here everywhere; she is with me all the time. She is mine. She is my love.

She is everything.

She is The Little Girl in White named:

Sarah, and I am trapped! BY HER…!

When I woke up my head buzzed, and my legs ached.

I reached under my pillow and found my phone; Alayna was calling. ‘Hey Sarah,’ I answered groggily. She answered, ‘Where are you? We've been waiting to start for thirty minutes.’

I groaned as I knew she was talking about our presentation, ‘can't you just do it with the others?’ Alayna gave a deep sigh and then spoke with a stern voice, ‘This is something you've

planned for years, it's your project, not ours. Hurry up and get here now!’

She hung up. ‘Great, another day in PowerPoint hell’ I through driving to the company. My legs still hurt, but I tried to ignore it as I ran through my bits of the presentation while I was driving. I looked at my slides for just 10 seconds and looked back up to see a car heading my way without control speed. As I yanked the steering wheel abruptly, I lost control of the car. I hit something and flipped forward. I got queasy and dizzy with all

the flipping. When the car finally settled, I was not sure which way was up. An instant later my phone started to ring again.

Listen, we no time to wait for you. I'll put you on video, you can do the presentation by phone.' 'No! Wait for Sarah! I need help...' It was too late I could see the hall, a roomful of curious. A room was full of potential investors, some with a shocked expression, some disgusted. I could hear people complaining, 'What is going on here?' Alayna saved the

situation easily ‘the Skype quality is really bad again.’ The people murmured in agreement. One guy held up his hand and said in his accent, ‘I still want to see your great invention. Let us hope this is not a paper tiger.’ ‘No, it's not.’ Alayna said, ‘It's an automatic driving assistant.’ ‘It's really good’ I added. ‘How is it good?’

Someone asked, ‘You're in a smoking wreck!’ ‘Well…you see if the assistant had been driving, this would not have happened.’ The guy who raised his hand before said, ‘I don't

think I like your logic, but can we buy your assistant?’

Part: 2

-One dreary day in December, I sat looking out of the window- she was me- and in me full. She had been awaiting her friends for the past half an hour, but still, after a whole morning, no one had turned up. She began to worry.

Something was wrong.

Her mother was baking this evening, so the smoke alarms would be

going off. She could not use the phone. But the kitchen was a mess. A terrible, horrifying mess. Her mother stood jumping from counter to oven, covered in flour and several other indistinguishable stains.

‘Mum?

What have you-’ she began as several loud knocks came from the front door?

‘Lucie?

Can you come and help me for a minute, I said it aloud and my mom said your imaginary friend- really?'

You are going to need to see someone if this keeps going on… her mother called for her to stop at once.

Lucie sighed and left her place at the window, looking out the nock. Baking was a distraction, and to keep her from worrying. Her mom was worried that she was even…

'She is sleeping with her imaginary girlfriend!?' Hearing her calling out her name in a soloing

moment… her mom was looking in… to the eye-rolling moment.

Lucie is the girl- I am, or was…

One for grief, two for pleasure, three for a girl, I am stuck on three, I love the girl. I just cannot get any further, then here even if she not real to them she is to me. My head is thick with sounds, of her, my mouth thick with her as the girl body fluid. All about her, I can hear the chatterers- her tedious laughing, disdain fulling me, a boisterous guffawing, a tiding. Wicked communications, I can see them now,

black against the fogged nights moon, as I walk in the eeriness. All the birds look at me with like glass eyes, something else, as the moon follows too, she is coming, with me... she is speaking to me, in my head.

See- see what you do to me, and make me do for you-you see?

Part: 3

It is a glorious evening, warm but not too warm, the sun starting its lazy descent, shadows lengthening, and moving with the trees that a blowing, falling leaves, and the light just

beginning to burnish the trees with golden shades, and the reds and oranges, she to be so vivid, contesting to the greens and darker colors. There are familiar faces on these trains, that I know, yet they are all need to hear, people I see every week of my life, going to and froth. I recognize them, and they recognize me, like me but as I am now not as no-longer- me. I do not know whether they see me, as I was, as I am, or who I am now, though, or for what I really am, or no longer.

They, all the toured kiddie faces, pass in a blur of evening sunshine, the cars pass me, as I just miss getting hit by the cars, blowing me back, I feel the gust. The train is rattling along, and I know that she is making her way through all the cars, heading for the tunnel, it gets dark out the window, and she see free to make them scream by taking over their minds and making them think crazily, like making the one girl get up and walk between cars, and death in the smokiness until she passed out and feel in-between, and the wells cut her in

two, it was ruled out as accentual death, that she slipped making her way to the dining car, I know- not so-o.

Death is the game she likes to play, for she passed on too soon in this life, she needs to feed on the young of this life.

I see trans off in the distances, In the opposite direction of me, and if we are traveling slowly enough yet making its way up to me, as I stand there… on the tracks… Sometimes I catch myself trying to remember the last time, that I had expressive physical

contact with another with a girl or boys I do not like boys there- Iick-ie, like mixing chocolate milk with O-J, and then baffling chunks and having to lick that up too.

Unprejudiced a hug or a heartfelt squeeze of my hand, it was here the only one that I feel close too, and my heart twitches, with her energy running through me. Sometimes, not often, I can see them from this side of the track, think I do not understand- not one of them- as I do her.

Just like these kids sitting in the train car, sometimes catch a glimpse of her, I remember, seeing her up in the home- that is adjacent the old cemetery, dating back to the 1880s where she is not at rest, and with my home, she is there, that was her up there in the window, I too look out the same windows both of us in the same terrace. Just as I do look out the train window, seeing our home go by as we pass thinking about how we do the same things looking out that window at all the life that is dead- and dying like us. I can imagine all of them looking at

me, yet not as she looks at me, she has loved me they do not.

Sitting or standing as I am now, with her feet up on the table even, I have to snap out of a trance, yet there is not a trace of her to be seen unless she wants to be seen by others than me, a glass of apple juice in my hand, I poured two and sat one by me for her- my mom looked at me as if I crazy- think it was for my imaginary friend, yet when the glass went up to her mouth and was moving free and fast in her hand- that only I could see, my

mom freaked out hardcore, ‘How did you do that?’

‘I didn’t Louie did…’ I spoke.

‘Um-hum- then tall her to go home…’ ‘She lives here- with me… WITH US- ‘IS THAT SO- she is working, in the dining room.

On paperwork, be for going to work- at Capital One.’ she wanted me to say to you. She said don’t be mean to her.’ Mom just rolled her eyes- like, I was being cute.

I can imagine the feeling of her hands in mine, the weight of them, comforting and defensive. I love that she holds my hand whenever, unlike all of them that are real, I

KNOW THAT THE REAL!

Louie is now standing behind my mom tapping and pulling on her top, her hand on her shoulders, she feels the pullback, and she gets cold shivers, asking if it was me- I said- no- it is WAS my IMAGINARY FRIEND, I SAID- she likes to play awareness games.

(PRE-LUNCH MONDAY, October 24, 2016,) I read everywhere that a train can rip the clothes right off you when it hits your body, it is a rush, it is not that unusual, death by train, that how they found her clothes ripped off under the wheels, I know the story well.

Look into my room, which was her room, which is our room, The pile of clothes from last week is still there, of mine that she calls scandalous, and it looks dustier and more neglected than it did a few days ago, my mother even

said- ‘it looks like a five-year-old is living here,’ along with- ‘it’s not on me is on Louise, a hundred a year ago, it happened to her, they say she was looking for a rush, some say she went crazy over a boy, some say, she was in love with a girl, and could not go there, some say she needs a way out of her room and mom and dad’s hold on her, she was seen at least once every couple of days- standing on the tracks- until, I’m not sure how many of those are accidental or true.’

I look carefully, into all, and think, I do not care, she here for me now, as the train rolls slowly past me doing as she did, the hint of blood-covered clothes, rush through my mind, and the sound of crushing bones, but I cannot see any that said- why she was run over. The train stops at the signal, as usual, she runs for me, and through me and she now in my body said stand here and stay here if you can it is a rush, feel the powers. Just like that, I wake up in bed and before I could think of why, I hear my mom call my name to

do some pain in the ass thing, like always.

I can see her standing next dinner nook, that has all glass old windows wrapped around a hundred-year-old table in front of the French doors, that are adjacent. She is wearing a bright print dress; her feet are bare.

My mom is looking over her shoulder, asking if I playing games, she feels the strange energy of her pulling on her back, tapping on her shoulders, as she walks back into the house walking around out to the porch; dad is

making breakfast, Louise said that’s a really girly thing for a man to do, of her time, I keep my eyes fixed on Louise, I know she is going to slam the door in her face, I could see her past memories running through my mind- do you see them- all the thing and the way the house looks in the early 1900s…

Just like that, I am starting there on the old bridge, that is nothing but a relic, to the new one that is old now, and I standing in the middle with nowhere to run… over topwater.

Some say you and see a nude girl standing in the water, looking over the bridge, I KNOW it is HERE! SPOOKY- no she just remembers the past, that she does not want to let go of. This one is a two-lane- that looks as flimsy as it was unsafe to walk or ride on no-no side rails to keep you in, no walkway, just track and spaces down to water below 100 feet or so, in an x-truss that looks as if it should have never- ever worked, to hold together. The one I know- well is stone, and long and safe. Would you jump off the side

or run, she said run- it the fun, then jump at the last second.

I can even see the faint flicker of a lander next to the door, that I use now, not much has changed, yet everything has changed, then just like that I am back standing on the tracks… as the train starts to inch forward, (Rip) I am starting to cry, I do not want to do this, yet her power is holding me here, and for the love and caring.

1916 ford truck sitting in the tall grass, tick- ticking away, an older man starting it with a crack, its mostly

made of wood, and has gas lights… that got ever so brighter as the motor, got stronger in the cold, leaves blowing around him, train sound of in the distances, dust, covering all, the things in the dim room that I call my kitchen.

Louise- I particularly do not want to see my home like this, I want to remember it as was, the one that used to be mine.

Through her mind I could see the one I know, being made… with wood forms, and the arches being sat. I have lived at number 214 hickory lane

for all my life, as did she, delightfully content, and absolutely- insufficient. I cannot look at it now, this way she said to me. That was my only hope that I cannot stand to let go of… Not my parents' just hers… I really do not care to see them anyways they did not get me, anyway. I see here mom and dad feel the same to her- that is why I get her.

Every day I tell myself not to look at what has changed and what has stayed the same, and every day I look, and get said, said only. I close my eyes

tightly and count to ten, and make my run, seeing all my life up ‘till fifteen, and even past.

There, it has gone I am off the side flying now, nothing to see. She looks through me in me and out through me, saying things like Oh- my first home. She said I remember seeing all these homes being built, now there being ripped down and or falling now, why? She asked- I said, ‘no one cares about old things like you do.’ They do not care. No time to care I said back to

her… is there something wrong with the time, that is moving faster?

What no, it is just not what is important… so-o those bizzie boxes are then? She asked, you are not like them with them through, I see why… do not say. I can’t bear to look at it ‘round here now. I try not to, I do not want to, I want to, I cannot, I do not want too, I cannot help myself, from feeling said, said only. I bit my lip so hard, it bled some, I still remember the pain I felt when I saw her watering the rose bushes near the fence, it was a ghostly

vision, in my eyesight, of her in a her 1900's shirt stretched tight over her belly, even though there is nothing I want to see there, is something I need to see here, what I don't know yet, maybe it's unrest, of someone she lost here. Even though anything, I do see will hurt me, I still must do it.

Louie- Even though I remember- so clearly how it felt that time when I lost my girlfriend I do not remember, did I do it, was it me, or them.

I looked up and noticed that the emulsion linen blind in the upstairs bedroom was gone, replaced by something in soft baby blushing peach; I see the home in splits of old and new, her way of think of the past and then mine as now, it is like have double exposure of a photo in my mind and eyesight. (Rip) Run- run- running like hell yet again, the train starting to pick up the pace, and I am running for my life what does it mean, to keep running away and not facing it?

Sometimes grim, sometimes bright, and sunny, sometimes cold, and windy western Pennsylvania, small coal townhouses lined, next tagged trackways bridges and industrial buildings with broken windows, that through her eyes I see as steam smocking working factories buzzing with workers, make a change, for change like nicks and small dollar amounts.

How will today be, with her sitting in class running me- mind body and soul? At school, even if she is

running through me, I cannot think of anything but her, my studies seem to slip… I sit, on the train, that I want to kill me, as did her, for the trill, or to escape, which-ever that is what I want, and I do not get why, the closer I get to Rockville, the more nervous I feel, every time, like I pass this spot that I no took her life; burden builds; this is going to be my expiry!

Yet, I want more than SEX! It is more thrilling! On its side, someone has painted: LIFE IS NOT A PARAGRAPH, but that how I would have described,

what is happening to me seeing all the world in the past, yet in my time, and yet, hers… what the… freak! Like- like- When she inside me my eyes change color from brown to green and no- one really notices it. I deliberate about the parcel of dresses on the side of the track, and I feel, with her holding me tightly, making out, kissing, touching, and feeling, I am in love with a girl that is not real, yet she is, just from another time, yet is it preordained to be, this way?

Through my throat is closing. Life is not a paragraph, and death is no parenthesis. There is a soiled, low-slung concrete building on the right-hand side, old wood mills, and coal, works, linking the track about five hundred miles before we get into school, passing through the old towns that link life of the past and now together.

FRIDAY, October 7, 2016

(PRE-LUNCH: like, 10 or so-o…)

My mother used to tell me that, I had an overactive imagination; my dad said that, too, yet he got it more than she. I cannot help it- she is real, I l look down at my feet and see that, I am wearing flats, that a black and white checkers.

The train tracks, I see all colors of trees becoming naked at some point soon. Light blue dress jumbled is now off me and next to me under the viaduct. It is rubbish- now, as I make mind love to my girlfriend that haunts me, scrubby little wood up the bank, I

see boys looking off the distances' saying look at her go... soloing.

She feels just like the steam engines vibrating through me, it could have been left behind by me I am sure, and some boy that work this part of the track, would see it, and say some girl was killed here, they are here often enough, saying they see young girls on the line and doing dirty things. No one is to be found... Or it could be something else, they say- think all the calls in are pranks.

The train surprises and predicaments and screams back into motion, and the wheel's slip, the little pile of faces look out at me like her the see me, they are all in clothes, me no so- I disappear, and run into their faces, they look at me with awe, before they can think or blink there in the tight trundle, moving at a brisk cross-country runner stride.

The line starts at St. Mary's and runs to Hershey The scenic expedition from Altoona's horseshoe curve is supposed to take 10 hours and

30 minutes or so-o through state park and forest, (118.8 mi) kind-a next to US-219, snaking its way through trees and Allegany hills that would take your breath away, yet on a steamer of the past from 1880’s it can change, but it rarely does, number 14 is balling down the tack scratching her horn- on time in the dusk- and the lights inside the cars filler: this section of the track is ancient, decrepit, beset with signaling problems and never-ending engineering workers for it’s a wonder- to see one end to the other of the same train making its way… ‘round. The train

crawls along; it tremors past me as the haunt of the little girl in white the girl they say is haunting these lines for years, and water towers, is at the one end of the cover, where old number 14 halts, then it is off for the bridges of heights, then the other over the water, and then past my old, Victorian houses, in after of the Kinzua bridge turned the train make a sharp turn all the way around, S where I am the most with her near,

Rockville directly next to the track and her, and I spot under the

viaduct under the next to the water. Someone in the seat behind me gives a sigh of helpless irritation, and I think what you must complain about, it is the 8:05 at night, and you never hand what I did, slowly the endurance of the most seasoned commuter on the Amtrak line, and it blows past me, and my hair rushes up- and I feel alive!

I remember when I would ride this train, for point a to b. My head leaning against the car window, I watch these houses roll past me like a tracking shot in a film, being pulled to

fast for it to be projected. They see me as just some small girl, I see them as others do not, I see life as a new life- through taking hers as mine; some would say for rest, yet not so, I owner here you do not see what I am saying from this perspective, like she and I have this life and love we have, over me finding my why- being lost in time for years. Twice a day, I am offered a view into other lives, just for a moment I am lost in them and how the world is these days- 100 years passed. There is something comforting about the sight of strangers safe at home, like this girl,

that I love, yet she made me safe within her.

On the train, as it passes you can see, texting girls, and boys on their phone, an absurdly ecstatic and upbeat chatter, in the vintage cars, smelling of good dinner food from the diner car- as they did back in my day as a girl riding the same very train- on this line. They the cars jingles around on the uneven tracks. Clicking along- you can feel and see that commuters shift in their seats, as they go down the line on tracks that

seem to be floating in spots, rustle their newspapers, tap at their computers.

The train lurches and sways around the bend, slowing as it approaches a yellow signal- in my mind, I could see a signaler swing a lantern of the past. I try not to look up and see the number and light heading right for me as I must make the choices to get off or not or it is over my head, I know that some are reading the news- on their new I- this and that… I was walking along this way from the station, yet me through of WHY blur in

front of my eyes, as to why I am letting this train run me down and I standing still, nothing holds my interest other than her hold me hear. In my head, I can still see that little pile, of her, of clothes lying at the edge of the track, us nude in my mind making love- uncontrolled in passion.

Something she said she only found in me- and only in this next life.

Part: 4

(NIGHTFALL)

Beautiful sunshine, cloudless skies like today and for years here. Lucie was part of, a coal village, in the daybreaks we would swim the half-mile to the tracks, if you did not want to take the long walk, next to the tall viaduct. To make, make love on secret hidden spot under the railway bridge; in the afternoons, I would walk the tracks, to bitter tonics of her in me fully, you could see the boys over the way watching us swarms around underneath, in faint shadow’s you could see her the haunting body shape of the girl, with me, out of my body now to

love me for me, also next to water her energy was stronger.

I take another gulp, feeling the taste of her, and another, and I feel empty as she gets stronger in me, but it is OKAY, I have three more in the plastic bag at my feet. It is Friday, so I do not have to feel guilty about drinking on the train. Thank God, Its Friday. The fun starts now…

It is going to be a lovely weekend, that is what they are telling us, time away from school, that is all my life was- she through inside me. In

the old days, we might see us in sunrise lying on a blanket in speckled sunlight, she is nothing but a soul in me, I eat we date- yet is the reality not to them, but to me she is so-o. We might have seared out back with friends, that would not get us, too bad, I left them all for her, to be with and inside me, faces flushing, as they hear me talking to her in class, under my breath, with sun shining in the window, ‘till the afternoon went on, walking the tracks home for lunch along with only her, arm in arm, falling asleep on the sofa, after the school day, she was all I

needed, even if not physically there of the rest of the world to see, yet in my mind, she was everything, that made it physical.

Lovely sunshine I would take the walk to school in the fog- mist and even rainy days too, yet like today it is a cloudless sky, I- had like- no one to play with, nothing to do, I would go to her home, and I would see her looking down at me from the window, next to the mainline of crossing tracks. I was lost in her eyes… and ghostly whys of falling for me. Living like this, the way I

am living now, is harder in the summer when there are so many hours of daylight, so the little cover of dusk, when everyone is active, being flagrant, aggressively happy.

It is exhausting, to me, and it makes you feel deprived, about not having them all, but that is why I found her and she- me, the weekend stretches out ahead of me, I must get lost in her or I would lose it… and fill empty, when with her I do not.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 2016

(MORNING)

I just want to lean back in the soft, drooping seat, feel the warmth of the sunshine streaming through the window, I have become all her, and what she loves to do… time for me to walk to school I feel the carriage rock back, as it comes my way, fourth and back it rocks and squall is, the comforting rhythm of wheels on tracks and the blinding light makes me feel alive- through her like it did when I was just me. I would rather be here, looking out at the horseshoe curve beside the track, than anywhere else. It is a relief to know that 7:05, is right on time, no

holding back on the rail, I will stand here till the last moments, looking forward to the train to play chicken with me- where I have yet to make the choice to stay or get off.

There is a faulty signal on this line, of full green and she is heading my way doing 40. I see all the face looking at me, thinking I am not gotten off the tracks in time in the cars the horn is walling, about halfway through her my journey she finds me. The rush I have with her to me is everything that makes

me feel thriving when I know she is not a piece.

Lucie- I have a perfect view of all these traces for my room, where my soul was lock at an early age, yet I would not change that it is my favorite place to be the trackside house: and number 14 run me down- I was called crazy as a young girl for loving this so. I do believe that the girl inside me makes her energy make the signal not working right as the train is headed for me when most of the time this line wants trains going low or fully red. because it

is always red; I accept it must be faulty, yet that just makes me smile on the inside, knowing she has the power, in any case, I know she is doing it through me with her influence, to see if the train will jump track, going so fast at me.

Most days this train only creeps by- when I standing here with her that is not so, sometimes just for a few seconds, of the time sometimes more, sometimes it’s her seeing if the old viaduct can hold the weight of the heavy train, going too fast, it all about

seeing if death and mayhem could happen, as it did to her, sometimes for minutes on end, I think off all the life she and I could take over in the carnage, which I usually do, and the train stops at this signal, under my power of what I want to happen, which is almost always does not stop, old 14 is much like the other iron houses along this stretch of track: I make her fly down the line at me, as it did then.

The towering viaduct narrow top to an overlooking the ghostly fog, runs down towards some railing,

beyond which lies a few miles of no-mans-land, before you get to the railway town of Altoona. I know this house by heart, its time, she is no longer in the window looking down at me she is in me, looking down the line, yet this home, I know every block all the doorways, all the places to hide, I know the color of the curtains in the upstairs bedroom for 100 years back, I recall all the changes made by other homeowners too, not to my liking, I have seen many young girls take over what was mine in my room, and I have

run through them and run them out of my room and home, yet not her.

I know that the paint is cracking off the bathroom window frame and seal, which was once a dark wood stain. The glass is missing on the one lift lower pain that was just covered over with plywood…

I know that on warm summer evenings, the occupants of this house, of her, the girl I love and took over her mind, along with her mom and dad- I do not like them much they get in the ways of us. kitchen-extension, of my old

farmhouse, has its own high-pitched roof, where I sometimes climb out of the large window to sit on the makeshift veranda on top of it with her, and we look over the lines- of track and the skies and chat- of the past and what we are going to do in the upcoming days.

She has soft cheekbones dappled with a sprinkling of freckles, a fine jawline that is childlike yet teen, becoming a woman, like myself.

Witness- I know I saw it- 2 girls under there… I know I did. Like this

morning, they've both got the day off, I have seen two girls out afar under the Rockville viaduct yet once more, is it my eyes or is it real. One of them has a glow- and the other seems to be drawn to her- as if she is taken as real or just an imaginary friend. Yet I see them, I know about her the girl that has the imaginary friend… I do not think she nuts. (This was said by a railroad worker- when questioned.)

Mom, I here upstairs in the room two girls giggling, painting, or they are in the shower together, they

are doing things together as if there is a real girl there, yet I look in at her showing nude, and it is just her having her girlie time, one her hands pressed against the tiles, and the other hands-on her front part of her hips, asking the make-believe girl to get there.

I walked away for a while then look in at her yet once more, I see only one girl and she is lying-in bed, my girl, yet I feel the coldness, and I see in her eyes she is no longer here like this make-believe girl has taken her over-and she is now not. Not my girl.

Mother- said- now- narrating: ‘I never believed in ghosts, until I feel her staring me down to back off, yet it was loving so I was okay with it. I thought she was harmless- and my daughter was safe- in make-believe land, or at least in Rockville, playing under the bridge.’

‘Because that is the sort of thing they do, is make you feel there real to you and shout you out to the ones they once loved, to keep them for them… it’s what they do- it’s what they

do- take them for themselves… she keeps saying.’

That day while he is making breakfast, or they have gone for a run together, I say her in deep out aloud play and conversions, with this girl she calls Lucie, I through she is old enough to know better than to have imaginary playmates. Yes, is she going backward- like have her brains grown soft, from her school life- or is it me, as a mom not doing my part?

Part: 5

(Lucie and I used to run together on Sundays, play in the sun and rain, and bath together too, everything even eating, me going at slightly above my normal pace, we would try daring things, like running far past the safe line of where I was allowed to go- even like walk the tracks, I would go down abandoned lines, and over old viaducts that I knew would crumble under my feet, yet that was the fun, it was to find love with-in her. To kiss and play and discover. About her ghostly body and mine, her past and me with her to come, just so

we could run side by side, I was in love with her for even if not real she was the most real thing I had in my life at the time.)

I see it down there ghostly she is steaming stuck at the red signal, then green and I hear the wheels slipping and she is building power and is hand right from me. This time I stay on the lift rail, feeling the forces, and vibrations… I see my snicker as I look down at my feet and the laces are untied, and my foot gets caught, in a spike, and she is coming balls out- so

upon me- I could read the number on the front as I through my foot and she is giggling like an irrational lonely inside me saying- this is thrilling.

I see the flash- of light- and then I wake up and I am in my bed, was it all a dream. I look down at the end of my bed nearing the footboard and see my pink and green sneaker, and I see the plastic tip was ripped off- 'it was real.' I spoke. (Did I die? Am I all me? Did I die, and she is now me?)

Witness- Paul J. Miller-

Sometimes, when I see her there, I feel

as though she sees me, too, I feel as though she looks right back at me, as I take the train down the line, as the engineer. and I want to wave, but I get this look in her eyes that crap in my mind or do not even look at me. And I see what look the bugs flying like a staring fountain out of her mouth as she yells, that she needs to get off, the underworlds have gotten a hold of her, and she is not.

I am too self-conscious, about saying I shit myself. I think about what they might be up to… as I keep doing

this job, in the last year- there have been five new guys that will not drive this line- overseeing things that just creep- with passengers and workers, going through- ‘Rockville.’

Passengers- said one a young girl Joiee she was looking out the window and this young little girl in white her hand smacked the foggy glass, that she was looking out going over the viaduct way up in the air, ‘I knew that this was impossible there no way… there no room to walk and hit a train car.’ And then one young boy

Jimmi said he was kissed right on the lips by a girl that was see-through. ‘All crazy I said’- ‘till I saw what I did, as for the man- driving the train.

They say- he is away a lot with work, on his mind and his wife just live him, and he need sleep I was written off…

‘I knew…’

But even if they are not- there, they are really- the question is why?

I look for them- always. There both are often out there in the

mornings- around 8-sh, it has become a passion of mine to stock them to see why- especially in the summer, drinking coffee, I take the car up and look over my old job driving this line as I comply too.

Part: 6

(Morning, nearing middle September)

Turning slightly towards the window, I make my run-up to the train, I see this girl with her back pressed tightly to the set of the old car, this is the thrill of the game with me and her,

to scare them, yet not harm… Maybe get them to come up and out of the sit with my powers or have them see flashes of their whole lives and or deaths, or worse their next schoolteachers.

It is less acceptable to drink on the train, for the cars are moving… even so-o- even more to eat- yet they still do, I loved it I made her pee herself, and the little girl in white inside me was giggling through me. I knew when I saw this girl open a can of Pepsi, I could get here to do just that, if

I would track her down, as the girl in white, and me being part of her, standing on the track distracting all, she was free using me for energy to do as she pleased, making her miss-jiff, as she was known for as a child, back in the 1900s or so I read in lost old newspaper, that I got from the courthouse, papers they said should have been thrown out a- long time ago.

Part: 7

It is not cold I heard her complain to the conductor, he just said, that what you get with this seven-dollar

ticket, be happy you get that… he was arrogant about it even, nothing changes, I hear her say playing in my mind, sucking feeling out my body using it for hers and her haunts. The whole train has the creeps, you can see the pimples on their arms, and the hair's standing up on the backs of young kids' necks, she loves this train, most of the passengers are 14 years' old making their way to school, summer has come to end, some say this train, will also take you two another realm, for it haunted by the girl in white, where it goes to a large castle that is

gray and red and has many points, windows, rocky walls.

This castle looks as if it is hanging off a cliff, with a track on trusses running through it… a magical land so-o wonder-us, like- I could not wrap my mind around it, suspended in the air by mist and fog, and frozen land, that shins an eerier blue and clear crystal, Drawbridges, floating train tracks, that look like they get lost and twisted in spooky fogs, that lead to a haunted mysterious railway, where you learn how to become a wizard girl, like

she and her family, was suspected to have been. But to become this girl must take you there, as the chosen one. I should be on this train as they are to make my way crossed- the large waterway, yet I am skipping to have revulsion with her, the girl I fall in love with that has chosen me.

Part: 8

(Sun-up)

‘Did you see on the news, on the box flat thing you see faces in like moving photos, TV, a man can make a baby to his wants and wishes, hair

color, eyes, and look, I also hear in the talk box, that your glued too, that you can have a designer wife, made from baby up and the man own you, till she grows up to 16 and they perfect for each other, and married, and live happily ever after… do think that true… what happy ever after?

‘No’- ‘oh I do, and that too, ‘will see…?’

They said: ‘this was going to happen in like

2018.’’ ‘Do you think so-o?’ ‘Maybe’- she said

Sarah. (Through what happens to newspapers? Now it too much mindless chatter and no real story.) ‘Um-hum’- she said, and I reached over for her hand saying do not be scared.

I see the station easing up on me sitting in my Pullman car, two cars from the back, slightly slower this morning everyone one is moving, it a Monday. We are falling behind, it takes one hour and one minute, to just get to the school, the half-day I like it, I am not complaining. It is fast to take a train then it is to sit in traffic, from my

home to the school, so I do that, like most of the kids that live on my block and surrounding areas. My home is the Victorian semi next the tracks, the occupant of the past still lives here, like her- Louise it is everything about this home is small like the bedrooms, baths and so on.

Half friends more not, they all are staring at me with that look of suggestive wonder in some of their eyes, of what's underneath the drock-ie look I am rocking, has been popped or

not, I read their minds without knowing for sure, yet I have the idea.

I really want contacts, yet morning like Mondays, and feeling as I do, all I want is oversized sweets, and to cray, it is a girl thing, on her week of hell. I like these glass there ornate, and frameless and sharp liking, as I sit there reading a book called: ‘If Only in My Mind!’ is a dirty book, that I cannot put down, my girl- can believe the smut I am allowed to read at my age… she said she would have gotten whipped for

the throughs, of what I am reading, at 15.

‘Your mom is okay with this?’ My imaginary friend is just drilling over the text as I am. What sex like with a boy, she asked me? I said I would not know, have not gone there… did you- nope, maybe that why I do not rest, looking for what I never- ever had.

We had more in common than any live person I no- even done to getting popped. Boys have changed so much, I do not like them, she said to me, ‘all butt holes, can I say that?’ ‘Ah-

h yes!' 'See- see that's why- as I love you, you're so cute!!'

We didn't see much of each other after the first year, she was with me she was just seeing over my life, in me yet not known to me, and my everyday things- and stuff,' I did. Stuff'? 'Good English, she giggled.' Yah and coming for a girl that dropped out in the third grade to work farming, tending mom six kids, and working fields. All these girls, sleep together, bathed together and worked hard, you

‘all do nothing a give a crap about doing that, F- you! Um, yes!

‘Why you here, then- why now-’

‘I was the girl out- even then, like you.’

‘You needed someone that would be the why 100 years or so-o is not much right.’

‘As a girl has grown- up in the 1900’s- I had never lived by myself, like you what that like, well I now know, is sad and lonely, yet you do not have to

do anything with your day just eat and poop, and homework and sleep,

God, that’s nice.’

Girls do not poop! - you know that- she looked at me like I was on 10 pounds of weed. Never that much but I been there, mmm- vapers! I drink too, she said I was a bad girl for this… that girl in her day could have been disowned… for such, and that a girl were breeders and worthless, to a man.

‘It’s not as good as you think.’

‘Friends,’ she looked to at her feet.’

‘I know- holding my hand- now sitting next to me when no one else would.’

‘I get you-’

‘You get me.’

‘Times have not changed that much, have they.’

Part: 9

I evoked, waking that morning filled with apprehension before we

meet intuitively knowing that something terrible had happened. Tom was not in bed with me, and I felt relieved. I lay on my back, playing it over. I remembered crying and crying and telling them that I loved him, and then he had to die, he just had too, he just passed in his sleep, at fifteen, he was not angry, or mean or anything like all the other boys, he was all mine, telling me to go to bed.

‘I love you, he said to me, his name: Ever Haven.’ just like his name the way he felt about me would be the

same, I will see you in school, but he never- ever did, he passed that night the night that he said he was going to go all the way with me the next night; think how I feel, about that… Mom and dad did not want to listen to it any longer, saying move on, and find a new love that I am young, but no… I could not they think I snapped a little, and I did, for I have this so-called imaginary friend, that is with me always, never-ever leaving my side. So, I did as they said, found love in what they do not see, just like in the last one, the choice

not to see why… why I loved him as I do with her.

Then again, in my hour of need, she happened to appears in my glowing brighter and brighter ‘till I could see her full in my room going in and out of me, I got under the covers, asking for her to go away, then when she got in for the first time, I feel the worth of her, and never wanted her to go, or leave me, and it made sense what she was to me, a love, a ghost, a little girl like me in white. So-o I said: ‘yes,’ to her for she had the soul of my boy in

her, and she know him speaking to me through him through her to me.

I was so sure that it would only be for a couple of months, and she would be gone and or sick of me, six at the most and going strong I am dating a girl of all things, yet I feel him in her, and yet her too, it is like everything I have been looking for everything that was missing, and I did not know what else to do.

An overwhelming, idea I had, was to get him back for me, and she was cool with it, for she feels for me

too, so am I having a 3-way with my head, and body too…? She said I would get lynched for saying that in my day, I really do not know whom I love more… she just as cools as he… She is a nice person, in a powerful sort-a-way. She makes you notice her likeability, in acute yes kind-a devilish way, yet there is not a thing evil about her- or so-o I feel, she needs me, and I need her.

She gets it… all of it… it is me and my suck butt life.

She giggled at that too. Her friendliness is temporary restraining

order large, it is her defining quality, and she needs it acknowledged, hitherto that works for me too, I like that in a boy, so why not a girl that is exactly right. Like- often, daily, which can be tiring, yet not with her, they are no longer that way. But it is not so bad, I can think of worse traits in a girl and or lover.

Part: 10

No, it is not Louise, it is not even

Rockville that bothers me, most about my new situation (I still think of

it as new, even if I have been stuck here like her all my life, although it has been two years, I had her she is all the keeps me here, and from going crazy, even if I am just that.) It is the loss of control I have. In Louise's old home now, my home in a way I feel like a guest, in my own room, at the very outer limit of her welcome she feels that I am just a caretaker of what was ounces hers.

I feel it when I sit beside her on the sofa, she is there I feel the warmth and energy, the remote control firmly

within her grasp it just floats in midair. I feel it in the kitchen, where we elbow for space when cooking our evening meals. I have lost control over everything, even the places in my head.

It is relaxed enough, but it is not a place you want to be, yet you can feel the eerie creepy feeling creeping around you as you sit in the rooms all the different energy making your mood and hair stand on end, so instead I linger in the living room or at the kitchen table, hostile at ease and immobilized, she is what make me

move to feel and do, she has total control over me, and what I do, and even have the power to make mom and dad back off, to run me. The only space that feels like mine is my tiny bedroom, into which a double bed and a desk have been crammed, with barely enough space to walk between them.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 2017

Yeah, Trump has made his speech of how my dad will is in the next war, yet it is one that we need, I am sure. We all loved him, for we all wanted to see this land boom again…

as it did in her time, and the movie reels in my mind of the past start like lost daydreams in her mind running through mine.

(BEFORE NOON)

I could wish for a storm and feel less energy in a bolt of lightning going through me then she gives to me, but the sky is a disrespectful blank, pale, water-logged azure blue. I wipe away the dribble on my top lip with my slave. I wish I had evoked to buy a bottle of water. The heat is building within me, she wants out, she wants to

play, she wants to make miss-jiff and make me crazy to them. It is barely half-past seven and already the day is near, the air heavy with dampness.

I analyze the house, but there's nothing to see, that is out of place to them yet to me it like living in the 1900's the feel the look and the taste even is all the past, I just lost in it.

The curtains are open downstairs, but the French doors are closed, sunlight reflecting off the glass, I see her face looking in my eyes, it is not me I see it is her.

The sash window upstairs is closed, too, see it open as it was then, I know it has not worked in years, for it is crack, and falling apart just one of those things that come with having an old home.

Things got even weirder working. My dad is a doctor and was a call to war, so drafted, and after that my mom, was no longer than sitting in bars and having a random man, in her life, I was on my own, yet I was not I had her, to go crazy for and over.

Part: 11

Mindless, I know… I cannot see all the kids on the train like always, but my mind is a million miles away, this morning like it has been for the last two years, and my sense of disappointment is acute.

I think, for one of those overseas organizations. He is constantly on call, a bag packed on top of the wardrobe; there is an earthquake under my feet, as the grind of the train wheels, start healing butt mine why.

I drop everything, and start running for my life, she grabs my bag

and things, within matter seconds, my feet fly out and she saves my life, in her twisted game, yet I am living for it now. She, with her bold prints and her Converse trainers and her beauty, her attitude, works in the fashion industry. She is a good painter, too, plenty of artistic flairs.

I can see her now, in the spare room upstairs, music blaring, window open, a brush in her hand, but now she is just sitting there on her bed rocking and smiling, eyes stone like, with a creepy grin, in complete silence,

talking herself, and mom could careless, an enormous canvas leaning against the wall.

Lost in a world that is all her own, said some, of the kids at school, Otherwise and perhaps this is what she would have gotten’ into the music business, or in advertising- she might be a stylist or a photographer if she would not have let the steam of life like this train run her down.

She will be there until midnight; Ophelia aka Gracie knows not to bother her when she is working,

on her papers or reading in class, yet it is not like she even here, we were besties, yet over the last two years she is someone else, WHY? She questions in her mind.

I feel like, I moved in after, I left two years ago, left I mean in my body, I do not know when exactly, I became someone else. I suppose I started noticing them about a year ago, and gradually, as the months went past, they became significant to me. I cannot really see her, of course, only when she wants me too.

I do not know their names anymore all the faces looking at me that I have now for years, either so I had to name them myself. Like Jason and Sarah, I sit the same as see I did in my room, with that stone like look showing in my eyes, and the creeping smile, lost in a 100 year of time, spending my mind, within her… lost in running down the dream of 100 years of her on-rest, they are happily lost in stupid, I lost in love with her, I can tell what is better, I just go with the feeling.

They are what I lost, they are everything I want to be, and nothing I care about any longer with her. My shirt, uncomfortably tight, showing me belie-button, which she thinks is wrong, yet she is loving it. The buttons straining across my chest open showing more than what was scandalous in the 50’s nevertheless in the 1900s her time, yet in my mind is okay, it’s like we changed lives, and yet we fade the times, fading in and out, of her and my lives.

(It is now TWILIGHT)

Her ghostly feeling is making me sweet for her, I am pit-stained, damp patches clammy, yet I feel her beneath my arms, as I hold on to her like she there, and if feel her if she was. My eyes and throat itch, and hot. This evening I do not want the journey to stretch out; I long to get home, to undress and get into the shower with her, to be where no one can look at me, and make me feel like this with her when all we want is to be alone. she looks up suddenly and meets my eye; her glance travels over me, they are

looking back all in the front of me, I am alone, yet not.

Non-look away…

There is something about the set of his mouth that suggests distaste, I have never gotten. Non-but her find me repulsive. She is nervous and it is pouring out of me the sweat. Or just thinking deeply.

I see this one boy that reminds me of my boyfriend that passed looking at me in the first set, it is a flashback like, yet not him, or was it? I keep fading in and out… I look at the girl in

the seat opposite mine, and yet it is him with her. Or is it just my crazy mind? He is about my age, I was younger, he was everything to me that made me this way now, I keep going I have too, with dark hair and dying body, I keep going, I have her. Swallowing skin, I see next to me like he and I, kissing-loving and its sick to me now not having, him.

He is wearing the suit of the day I saw him laid out for the last time, in his coffin, eyes fastened shut tightly, but he has taken the jacket off and

slung it on the seat next to him. I see his dad, he has a note paper- it is worn thin and cranked, open in front of him, of the first love note he and I shared that he gave to me. He is wearing a silver watch with a large face on his left wrist- it looks expensive yet is not that where trailer trash some said.

He is chewing the outside of his lip, and the skin is peeling off, and hanging slightly. I am not the girl I used to be, I have lost it, and have it all with her.

I am no longer desirable; I am off-putting in some way. It is not just that I have lost all my weight I down to 95 lbs., or so and my face is swollen from the drinking and the lack of sleep; it is as if people can see the damage written all over me, can see it in my face, the way I hold myself, the way I move, the way I act near them- even.

One-night last week, when I left my room to get myself a glass of water, I overheard Louise talking to, her boyfriend, or so I through was it a vision or was it real? I don’t know any

more real realm to not, in the living room, I could see his looking at me held out his hand asking me to come with him, like death was calling; just to be together like in the past in a new life, it was a sing, so I pick from the time on what I want; to run the life I have without him, or I have the choice to be run down by the train like her, as she did for her girlfriend that was forbidden, and go with him and she becomes me... what is the destiny I want?

I stood in the hallway and listened, to this and I heard the plan. ‘She’s lonely,’ Louise was saying for you. ‘I really worry about her. It doesn’t help, her being alone all the time.’ I am a Demon she said, meant for evil ‘to take not give, yet she is what I longed for, I am not being funny, but I’m not sure I know how desperate she is to the end, I can have it, so I thought, why not.’

Part: 12

(THURSDAY, 21, or something in the year 2016)

(MORNING)

I am picking at the adhesive bandage on my forefinger. I see the add on the train car sipping cold coffee, It is damp outside the window and not yet light, it got wet with due, on the fogged windows also, his coffee mugs this morning is not the one that has always had, this old looks old; he feels it with his finger rimming the edge, and he looks at it with his clammy, dirty, hands, after getting the heart working in our car that seems to never, the car

is old and never as clean as it should be. ‘It’s chipped’ he whispered.

I don’t want to take it off because the cut is deep, he said, my other on fall on to the tracks and was flattened… by the wheels, he said to the one girl that was the too eager to have his full attention, Louise was out when I got home, before me, she comes and goes fast as she pleases, so I went and I got a drank, the first one that I had all day, and funny it was old cold coffee, and then I thought I’d take advantage of the fact that she was out and cook

myself a steak, for my mom was not going to anything but find some man to spread for, making drip red she said, ow-ah- I through, she like it that why not me, have it with a green salad, she shows how to do it, I see it as she did on her old stove, that was in the same place in my mind.

A good, healthy meal. I sliced through the top of my finger while chopping the onions. I must have gone to the bathroom to clean it up and gone to lie down for a while and just over and done all about it, for the reasons,

that I woke up around ten, and I could hear Louise talking up in my room, and she was saying how disgusting it was that I would leave the kitchen like that, all upset, Louise came upstairs to see me, she knocked softly on my door and opened it a portion.

She cocked her head to one side and asked if I was OK-ay. And she sits with me, as I rock back and forth, I apologized without being sure what I made an apology for. She said it was all right, but would I mind cleaning up a bit? There was blood on the chopping

board, the room smelled of raw meat, the steak was still sitting out on the countertop, turning grey. She did not even say hello to me that would be my momma that is, hers just shook her head like she was discounted when she saw me and went upstairs to Louise's bedroom and mine and said F-n clean it and go to bed brat.

I cannot remember what I was watching, yet it was all sown like when my momma walked in, she thinks I crazy like them, but at some point, I must have felt lonely, or happy, or

something, since I wanted to talk to someone, and it was her, and it looked as I was having a chat with myself, I so-o need her contact I must have been overwhelming to her for I was in so need, and there was no one other I would rather be with.

After they would she had gone to bed, I remembered that I had not drunk the coffee, so I opened a canteen. I sat on the sofa, downstairs, with my girl, and watched television, all old movies, that she thinks are new, with the sound turned down low so-o

she would not hear it, she is playing with my phone and it would-a be like floating in mid-air… to-a yah.

There is no one I want to talk to except for her. The call log on my phone says I rang four times: at 11:01, 11:11, 11:53, 12:08. Judging from the length of the calls my mom has on there, she is not going to be home for a while. It is just she and I… He and all of them, a man may even have picked her up, by now I do not know or care, I do not remember talking to him or them or her at this point it is all a blur.

I am hearing the first message does not remember, some old man that a perv. leaving the first message asking for boom-boom; I just asked him to call me, in a text that was for my mom, yah me- rape. That may be what I said in both, which is not too bad. I see her she has her feet up against the table, I kiss the top of her head she is reading a book, something kids just do not do these days, and with her head forward, sunning herself in the light like also. Behind her, I think I can see a shadow, someone moving: the train shudders to a standstill at the red signal and I look

up looking it down to make my choice for the day stay or go with him above the clouds.

She is sitting next to saying what is it going to be, drinking a cup of coffee, that just runs through her body and fall to the stones below. She has him running through my mind too. I long to see him, to catch a glimpse of his handsome face, she is enticing I want him to come outside me all the time, yeah that too… yah did not have it, yet all the girls want too, some did, why not me, I stand behind her scared

she living it as it running for me, shield by her, they can see me they see nothing until… the way she does this is for the thrill, while I was a baby, and snap, I am home for the day, the French doors are flung open, light streaming into the kitchen. I cannot tell, I really cannot, whether I am seeing this or imagining it, over and over, or if she just F-n with me, is she there, or not, what up what is down; at the sink, washing up, I cry, and she giggles holding me?

Is there a little girl sitting in one of those bouncy baby chairs up there on the kitchen table? And it is a flashback to me as a baby as I am new to her… yet she l-o-o-v-e-s me! There is something about the way she is moving today that seems different; she is substantial, weighed down, why my feelings.

He does not come out, and her head falls forward. I will him to come out to her, but the train jolts and slogs forward and still there is no sign of him; she is alone. And now, without

thinking, I find myself looking directly into my house, and I cannot look away.

It has been two days, and I have not seen or heard from my mother, is she dead? I would not know… I close my eyes and let the darkness grow and spread until it transforms from a feeling of sadness into something worse: a memory, a flashback, of when I was one comes over my mind back with, we played in a playpen together… amusing… I did not just ask her to call me back I ask her to come home, my momma that is. I

remember now, I was crying. I told him that I still loved him, that I always would. Please, I said to her, please, I need to talk to you. I miss you. Come home she said- (No, no, no, no, no, no.) No…! grow up and take care of yourself, and stop being a baby, and get a real friend.

I must accept it, there is no point trying to push it away, I want her, and I need her so why not. I am going to feel terrible all day about all this… this all, it is going to come in waves, stronger then weaker than stronger

again; never-ending, that twist in the pit of my stomach yet again, the suffering of shame, the heat coming to my face, my eyes squeezing tight as through, I could make it all dissolve. I will be telling myself all day, that I need to move on with it all… all of it.

And it is not the worst thing, ever to happen; It is not the worst thing, or is it? I have ever done the death thing what it like, no one come back to say, it is not as if I fell over in public as that girl, yet should I? Yet more days go by I feel becoming that

girl! Yah- Point! The hallway outside the bedroom, I sit out for an hour and rock, giggling with her, and it creeps and black and the shadows on the wall for the trees in the moonlight window are dancing on the plaster walls, like the song in my head I am rocking ‘Side to Side…’

-Ariana Grande- I think you should go to school the next day but- WHY it does not need you-you do not get anything out of it anyway, I do not anyways as most girls do, yet I am not that, either.

I once read a book by a former alcoholic, once, and I was done, with it for-ever. Where a 10-year-old girl, described giving oral sex to two different girls, that were older than she, and a man give to both, and then her too, men he had just met in a restaurant on a busy street, he bought them. I read it and I thought, I am not that bad, I said in what I want then, why did I have it. This is where I set and pondered.

Part: 13

(SUNSET)

I have been thinking about her all-day

Then him…

Then her…

Then him…

Her…

Him…

Yes, yes, yes; No! Crazzzyy! Oh my, I am unable to focus on anything, or anyone or anybody, all run at once, it is making me silly, but what I saw this morning with me not knowing what I

want. What was it that made me think that something was wrong, well everything? I could not see her appearance and look on her face and her body action, at that distance, but I felt when I was looking at her that she was alone.

More than alone, lonely.

She misses him, yet that why I am here, and she worries, although she knows he must go, I am the one, to own her body and soul.

Of course, she misses him, yet I do not. He was kind and strong for her,

everything a boy should-a been for her, that why I had to take him, in all ways. And they are a partnership, that I had to have, for I have never. I can see it, and I wanted it, I wanted her, I know how they are. His strength, that secureness he radiates, it does not mean she is weak. She is strong in other ways; she makes knowledgeable leaps that leave him astonished with respect.

She can cut to the nub of glitches, dissect, and analyses it in the time it takes other people to say good

morning. At parties, he often holds her hand, even though they have been together years. I am now what she needs, they respected each other, they do not put each other down as I had, and I see now.

A film of sweat covers every inch of my skin, the inside of my mouth prickles, my eyes itch, mascara rubbed into their corners, it runs down my face. I feel exhausted this evening, yet the time when by fast yet slow, why I do not remember… I am sober yet feel stoned and stone-cold. But then again

abstemiousness on the evening train is a challenge, to ride home, when was I at school today? …Particularly now, in this heat, or cold I feel senseless and crazy over her. Some days, like- I feel so-o depraved that I must drink and smoke something just to get by it not agents the law now, for my age-

(Is it?)

Some days I feel so bad that I cannot.

My phone buzzes in my handbag, making me jump. Two girls sitting in the carriage look at me and

then at each other, with a sly exchange of smiles. I do not know what they think of me, but I know it is not good. My heart is pounding in my chest as I reach for the phone. Today, alcohol turns my stomach. I look at the screen, on my phone and delete everyone that no- longer matters. It is Tom, Paul, Ryan, her and she and it too, if I could delete me, too I would, for the suck like world, I hesitate for just a second and then I answer an email, or where I was today, as a teacher, I said- rubbing off, I was not the that typed it, she was through me… (meant health day

granted, he said. With a wink-ie- ;-) emoji!)

I know this will be nothing good come from this, either: it will be Louise making me feel, or whatever, asking me ever so nicely to give the alcohol a rest this evening, and try her instead? Or my mother would love this I said to her, telling me what to do, how to do, and where, all sex-ie and shit- she'll drop by the office for work and the girls when say's- 'like your girl has been doing nothing but rubbing out... 'um- like we can go for lunch, now that

you got that off your chest,' she said, 'she's a lost hope…' one girl said that was blond with big boobs and blue eyes- 'sorry to hear that… the whisper with hands over their lips.' Believe me, my mom said that all she has going for her, whatever that means…

'Louie?'

For the first five years, I knew him, I was never in things like her, always him. Never her… or girl… just him, and him alone. I cannot swallow it, I said to her! 'Please, she asked, you cannot call me like this all the time, I

hear from you, and you don’t need a phone. I want to say to him, come outside, and play with me as I used too, go, and stand on the lawn and see me do a cartwheel or something like that. Let me see you, do that… we played all types of games even doctors.

Now it is all here for that too, yet it looks said for no one to see her doing this crap it is all me, here or so it looks to them, and she, and her and him too, alike.

Um- sometimes, because he knew I hated it and it made him laugh

to watch me roll ‘round, and fall and movie about the lawed and play, even on the trampoline, it was him and I, nothing more nothing less, it was the best of time, now it’s the worst of times, (or is it?) Um- ah- err- how would I know… oh- his voice is sluggish; he sounds worn out, and now he is kissing me, at age 10. ‘Listen, you two enough,’ my mom said, I recall, you must-

‘Stop this, OK-ay?’’

I do not say anything, but give the look of death back to her- um ah with- like- wondering eyes… with

irritation, we giggled… Like- because I could not help but join in when he was laughing, saying I glad my hand was not down your undies. No, but she was showing some- you know- that t-h-e bang hole, was all up in his face laying on the tramp… it was oral… just to say it… what… like you have not… I was giving hand jobs at 12 like those girls too, sorry… true! If not, your life is over! He LOVE's me and loves me for it, it is for love! We were in love! La- la- LOVE- LOVE, LOVE! Damn it!

‘I won't lie to you, it will kind of hurt when he is first putting his fingers inside you, but once things get going it will feel really good. Just make sure that he uses lube, it will make things a lot easier and more comfortable for you.’

‘What was it like for him- licking it up, Um- it feels really warm. Ha- ha this is weird to explain but the pain is minor unlike actual intercourse, it is much more pleasing. It is easy to relax you will feel like heaven. It is just amazingly comfortable, pleasing, and

wet- ha- ha if you want the truth. It's an effective way to connect with your boyfriend.'

'As for the shirt/bra thing I mean it is much more comfortable to have it off, kind of brings together the whole experience. So-o I would say yes, but who knows what he will be expecting. It's a wonderful time you won't forget so don't worry too much about it and enjoy!'

'I personally love it when my boyfriend did it, especially when he kisses his way down my body and takes

his time to the point where I'm begging for more, yes you should shave it’s not pleasant to get pubic hair in your face, and as for taste just make sure to take a shower and scrub everywhere.’

It is not like- like I have not had sex, un- I let Arana a-do- me with a strap- on her on top she said all bushed a sweet and pink in the face. We had a moment there… I remember the day because it was- like- um- Friday the day that, I go without a t-shirt or bar under my boy’s hoodie, that I keep and never washed, and go underwear-less, to

school to feel sexy, and commutable, to dress down.

Oh my god- it fee-eels so-0 good on these nips.

And in my mind, I am with him, feeling the warmth and love, he gave me like this hoodie.

Part: 14

I look over and see her… her… it…

Haven…

She is now on the OJ to have boobs and have a sweet voice… and she is getting that walked- off too, this week… yet it was meant to go with me, around this week… see… see… see… why I am now losing it. He- now she is my love is now she… nice right…?

Now I get to make the choices… to life or dye or have him back as he was… all I must do is pick… and she held the story out for me… if I sing on the line and give her my soul… I can have what I want. Yet do I want

him anymore; I am not sure… I have her.

What gets me the most is that he really did not pass away, you see, he became a girl that I see in class every day, a girl that- I was not into, I mean you fall for a boy right, well that what I through until her, yet it is like a death to me, and it worked on my mind. This is God saying do not judge, a book by a cover, in dating a girl. Yet, I do not want the girl with a D-I-C-K I am sorry or the make-shift puss- puss.

Do you expect me to still love him/her for doing this to me?

And there she is saying in my day they would shoot you in the head for is the metal brake down of stupid, -freak! And I know this is not nice, but it is like asking a white girl in western Pa to love a black! She said…

She gets me as he did… is that cool with you God for this…? I know but- why?

Hum- yet I am living with sinful judgments…

So, I found her to make all wrongs right. He grows his hair out, and started stuffing, and start going to school in dresses looking cuter than me, it was just not right, so I ended it, he went from having it all to having what he wanted, and I that what matters, what is awesome about that is that she, Haven is dating a girl, that is normal, so unlike me, and the most popular.

I miss him… and I do not want to live without HIM!

My mom was done with me over this… and his and them too, I did not do anything other than say… (I cannot.)

And she goes on with life in the same school as- nothing happened, other than having a puss now… and I am the odd one out? She popular plays on the girl's baseball team and has more girlfriends, then I can count on my hands and toes…

WHAT_The_F! She is on the girl swimming team… and is even allowed in the girl locker room with me,

and all of them… and they are all okay with it… for she is a – sweet little shy sweet freaking- Girl NOW! That getting more dick than I this week- yah!

I will never have him back, alive…

Through- As she could never have a baby… or make mine… now… wow…

Balls in agar anyone…? Next will be sitting in the heart of the big man upstairs… too…

Like- even I am not the F-ed up!

Part: 15

‘Haven, it’s me he said to become the- she, she was all there but that there.’ The train is slowing, and she is sitting with me holding my hand, I was still in love with me and me- her, yet it was not working, for me, in the looks, yet I tried, I really did… and we are opposite the house, my old house. You’ve got to sort yourself out, I said… we need a break…’

And that was the end…

There is a lump in my throat as hard as a pebble, smooth and obstinate. I cannot speak. ‘Haven? Are you there? I know things are not good with you, and I am sorry for you, I really am, but… I cannot help you if you can find out what you want… and these constant calls, showing me, your changes… is just making me feel bad, you are really upsetting me. OK-ay? I cannot help you anymore, and be OK-ay with this… Go to AA or something, for tran-z-ie’s. Um-please, say. You will go to those meetings after school with me, and she got up and sat with her the hot girl, and

it was love for them.’ I pull the filthy plaster off the end of my finger and look at the pale, wrinkled flesh beneath, dried blood caked at the edge of my fingernail. I press the thumbnail of my right hand into the center of the cut and feel it open, the pain sharp and hot. I catch my breath. Blood starts to ooze from the wound. The girls on the other side of the carriage are watching me, their faces blank.

Part: 16

Haven-

One year earlier-

WEDNESDAY, December 14, 2015

(MORNING)

I can hear the train coming; I know its rhythm by heart. It picks up speed as it accelerates out of Rockville station and then, after rattling around the bend, it starts to slow down, before all ass for the viaduct from a rattle to a rumble, and then sometimes a screech of brakes as it stops at the signal a couple of hundred yards from the house, and the race is on. My coffee is cold on the table, and I am thinking

about it like always, he becomes her, but I am too scrumptiously warm and lazy to bother getting up to make myself another cup, lost in the throughs of falling for her and she is not really-real.

Sometimes, I do not even watch the trains go past the home when I stay home that used to be a joy to him and I sitting out on the roof, I just listen. Sitting here in the morning, eyes closed and the hot sun orange on the inside of my eyelids shows the shape of outlines, my eyes fly open fast,

and it is her, I could be anywhere, other than her, I said, now in class, and- I- I- um- do not remember getting here… when… ah… how…ah…? And the through just drops from my mind, like I flop onto my bed, and passed out, last night.

I could be in at Myrtle beach like I used to with him… um- yes, and that through drops to before fully thinking it; I could be in Italy or France, or somewhere other than this pit of hellish land, that looks like Pittsburgh in the 1900s, (in some ways

things have not changed, I thought.) … All fogged and smuggled, and dim lighted, and graying and slipping away, like my life itself, with the smell of coal smoke in the air, all those pretty colored houses, now gray and dull and gloom- and the trains, grit, is grounded, into everything, ferrying the visitors back and forth, say what it once was and what it is not, it is what is not- they say now, I could be back where I came from, I would tell you if I could remember it… so saying that is not worth remembering, is it… with the screech of gulls in my ears and salt on

my tongue, about to spit it out, and she said it’s all good, I know, and a ghost train passing on the rusted track half a mile away, fly’s by me, as I stand next to the tracks my hair blowing with the whoosh of air it makes, thinking- if… The train is not stopping today, I said standing there think if- or if not; it trundles slowly- and then so fast, I could not think, as I grin at with no through in my head or behind my brown eyes, it is thrilling to just lose it. I can hear the wheels clacking over the points, can almost feel it rocking, me more than I am rocking myself. (Say it

creepy.) Ha- ha- ha- ha he-o I cannot see the faces of the passengers like I should be in there, my mind is split and I am, and she does this… to me… and I know they are just commuters heading to the other side… to sit behind desks, but I can dream, here and there about him and I, and even her too, where it all makes sense: of more exotic journeys, to have then what is real, of fantasies at the end of the line and beyond.

In my head, I keep traveling back to before he got his dick cut off; it is odd that I still think of it, not

dangling there for me to suck, or think of in the halls when I look do there at him, you know all girls do that, I remember when I through all-boys what around with boner's in shorts all the time, and a girl had to- um- ah- well- had to take care of it… oh, my… (eye roll,) I was cute he said. on mornings like this, with such affection, such longing, but I do. The wind in the grass, the big slate sky over the dunes, the house infested with mice and falling, full of candles and dirt and music. It is like a dream to me now. I feel my heart beating just a little too

fast, think about the sex, I never had with him, like I am 14 and still… original- um- closed ah- righty- tight-y, mmm- hymen face-ed!

V-i-r-g-i-n!!!

What is funny is he lost his 2 times to mine… with dick and without…! And then with…? Go figure!

I can hear his ah- ah- I mean- her footfall on the stairs, she calls my name.

The spell is broken, of the love I have for him, I am awake, by the

through and look of him… I men here, she flawless… through, and cuter than me. Should I…

Evening, right in place with her, looking as hot as- the tom boyish Ariana Grande before the nose job. singing like her too in chores also- what the- F! And he, she, is all over her, that girl, that they all want to be, the other one… me I look like Megan Park, you the smile, and crazy christen yah, you got it. It sucks she is the top girl in school like hotter than- Grande, it sucks

for only me… and they think hey it is okay.

I do not have much done today. I was supposed to sort out my application out for a job, as a saver at dinner, yet- no… so, this home is losing power soon if my mom does not get her crap together. It has been 3 weeks- where is she…? I know… she does not care, like all us kids today we raised ourselves.

I am cool from the breeze, blowing in the cracked window, and warm from the two fingers fingering I

just got done with, and for the yummy-vodka in my martini, that makes me feel even more like a bad girl. All this like- um- before seven a.m.

I am out on the trance, waiting for a girl, Cassandra to come home, with her on the same line as- me. And she is freaking consumed in sucking face with Scott, and a Bi girl Lakyn, yet anymore they are all for that… the world has gone a little mad, in calibrating the morons!

What do I say to my kid when she wants to marry a girl and she a girl,

‘hell that’s’ a- simply fine and dan-die?’ Crazy, boys acting like a girl- girls now are boys, what… is wrong with this world?

Sex, sex, and more sex, that is all we think about for that all we really know with now school and the give up attitude, from the educator. I am going to persuade her to take me out to dinner, this week so I do not look like a freak to call them, she okay, a friend yet she all I really need, something Italian IDK- I do not know. Um- like- ‘We haven’t been out for bloody finger

masturbating on your period- ages,' I- we- need this her Ex is sucking cl-it on some other b*tch too, other than her, so-o yah-a we have a lot to talk about… NOT! Whatever… This girl to me looks like, boys go through us girls like boxers, we know yet we keep coming for them… he, he, get it?

She looks at me, I look at her… snorting noodles up my nose… we walk home… end of the story. Yah-te- yah-ta-ie… I could still hear her saying come home to me, and things she said she was going to do to was nasty, she has

gotten with the times why cannot my mom…, food for through…! It went right through me, like a steel train wheel through my softening head to life, her voice shrill and desperate, hot, and suggestive. ‘What are you doing, with her? What are you doing with her? Give her to me, give her to me. She is not spitting out her food, and my girl is in a catfight only I can see, yet she asks’ -why…?’

She is cocking the F-er… It seemed to go on and on, though it only lasted a few seconds until I said stop…

I love you…, and they all looked at me…, like- like- I was a sick gay dipshit… yet everyone embarrasses that, now, don't they? …, why is it freaked up when it is me? She through it was for her too… nope is for the imaginer girl, in my head, I said. Yah- see the rainbow… on Facebook, with photos of them doing the movement, yet not feel it when you see it- wha-o, in real life.

I got home, I ran upstairs and climbed out onto the verandah, where we used too, and I could see, through

the trees, and the sunset, like we used too, and overall the switch tracks, as we used too, crying, I rock, with her hand on my back, they both were, at the same place at the same time, at various times… years apart, yet all the same, in the here and now, and they need how each other felt, that why 100 years do not matter with two girls that get it…

My days feel empty now I do not have the gallery to go to any length, I wiped it all out, like my friend's list I had, like- 888 on there I did to 10.

I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not… aw- ha!

I miss talking to them- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not… aw- ha!

I even miss dealing with all those tedious-ie delicious mummies of whom and who used to quickly visit in tagged photos- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I

get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not… aw- ha!

Telling their friends- my day and boys and thing- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not… aw- ha!

Starbucks in hand, pictures, that are only now in print on my dresser, and I take them down for a shoebox, that little girl is no longer that girl, middle school, I said, I do not need this, and the trash is where they went,

in all formats in life and make-believe land online, I will not be sorry I said.

He and I are now forever ripped apart like the pictures, never to be again.

I have her, these are the memories that need to last... forever…, not these…! This just shows my mind, no?

Love forever, and never-ever is for SHIT! So, you- know, like all it takes is one dick, and it is over.

They have been getting, down on me, about him hacking, picking, and prying, about the sex and love and the detail of how he got this THING-IE chopped off, and made to be this and that, moved about, that I have no, privacy, from thinking I made him this way, or that I should embrace the gay or should have tried praying it away the gay they say. I am trapped, by them, what they say and do not, what they think and do not, and trapped by her love, and not his…!

Part: 17

I thought about calling the police, on her, yet they do not care there is always an AND-OR in what they do, making their own laws, but it all seemed to calm down when they say we can give you to foster or take you away… I was living with him in his bed, and we slept together, without seeping together, yet in school, he said he handed me, in and by the ass hole… yep- all us girls have been there.

Really weird, God knows God well get them, I do not know that but my Grandma used to say that, before

she cooked, what was going on, she said was SIN-full, yet I did not see, it until her, and after him, losing his dink-ie, and gumdrops, but it is the most exciting, in my life, I am sure of that, I have had in 6 weeks (about 1 and a half months) now with ME MYSELF and me.

Yah- um- so-o… Unlike all the sluts I go to school with I do have more hobbies then masturbating, and sucking dong, and riding it. I love photography, and the vintage, cameras with the bellows I am some artists, a lot of them would say no, but to me, I feel

drawn by hand is what is about, not taking six photos of some else copyright shit and making it your own, by chop this and add that, by magic lassoing tools, in Photoshop and so on. Books- ha, I have some, but like most my age we get to page 30 and stop for we can read it without getting bored, or so frustrated, of having lack of schooling in reading that we slam it shut, and throw the e-reader, or hardback book across, the room. And like how can afford a e-reader, some working a year at the dinner I have made $300 and that is with tips and

that is a 5 ‘till 9- 3 days a week, I am going in the hole, not making money I am losing it, why to work, I can make for sitting on my ass, rubbing off, like all the other girls my age… sad but true… and yes he is even doing that, for there is a Trans cam sight, and that how he met her, see her rubbing herself…, on Facebook, mmm- sexy- no? Just what I want to see spread Sp- ed girls jizzing…, wow; even she said I love this world today like she loves the undies of today too, she said look at how we dressed, and then you… I love

your bloomers she said, and I giggled for an hour.

Sometimes, I want to see, if I can track down anybody from the old days, to hang with and then she all I need, but then I think nah- I am good, what would I talk to them about now anyway, it has been so long, and I lost touch with what cool and in… They would not even recognize this girl anymore; the happy go, lucky girl I used to be, she not me, there are to the side to Sarah, or so they say.

In any case, I cannot risk looking her over them she is varying defensive, and I going back they say; even in my schooling they say, but not what I say, it is always a bad idea anyway, they say. You know what I do not care what they say, I will wait until the winter is over, then I will look for work, as you can see, I have more money at work then, not, so why... I do not have a car like them, I do not have it, yet they are happy with on that runs, me too, yet you cannot get a car for 300 dollars, can you? And if you question why, you are dumb, I CAN READ, OR

DO SIMPLE MATH, OR GET OUT OF THE TOWN, just like they- were all so dumb where happy, and they do not see, I do for I have her to show me the way…

The way…

The way of the past…

The way to see how F-ed we are… as a generation, the boomers took this from us, and we have to suck there but now, and they don’t want us to work, that want it all for themselves, all the jobs, that why we are so-o dumb, it seems like a shame to waste these long

winter days, working at my age, to work you have to be 16 me I am 15 and ½ they said that’s fine, yet with all the girls, trying for my job, they get I don’t, I’ll find something, here or elsewhere, I know I will, yet college forget it… it's over for me, I might as while facing it. My mom is 35 and whirring around, and that it… my dad makes alimony payments, that is all I must live on, in this home by myself, you feel in the blanks… I on my own… like you too.

She pops in every 4 weeks or so, and it is back, for her looking for

what she has not found, and never well… that is her type… in all.

Part: 18

TUESDAY, November 14, 2015

(A.M. sunlight)

I find myself standing in front of my clothing that just throw-ed and tossed and tasseled, around, in the hole I call a closet, staring for the hundredth time at a rack of pretty clothes, the perfect attire for the day, something that would get me arrested I said in my head, and she yes please, something

that going to make me beg for it, later…

Nothing-

I say clean or that it all looks ‘live-in babysitter to me.’

I get the knife and make it look cool, God, even the word makes me want to gag, seeing all the kiddie thinks I have, with cute all over them, I put on my hole-ie jeans, with nothing under them and a T-shirt, also nothing under it, scrape my hair back like they do. I do not even bother putting on any makeup, the boys are not looking at my

face anyway, there is no point, a little I said, is there, prettying myself up to spend all day with a baby?

Oh, did I not say, yes, a little baby girl, that I look over, that’s my dad’s, see look who razing whom, it is his kid. And the girl, he is with is my age, yet I call her stepmom, and she 17.

Yet in these parts, all there is making the taller rock, back and forth. You should see this trailer park, window’s boarded up with play, all them trashed on the inside and out and shooting up being the thing along with

pot, and oh -so ratchet, I look at my dad and her, he 50 and a little to crunk-drunk when he gets home, for my liking and him and her and my sister with some old man that lives next door, are in the living room of my trailer doing the nasty sucking and dropping on top and sideways and all in-between, my dad gets a hold of me, and rips everything off me, it was not long before I was in it too on top of him saying dad f- me, I had no choices, I have nowhere to go on the weekends, I been there all my life, dad has used me, in the night, like all the girls in the

trailer park… yet, it’s something we don’t say yet we all do and know, I am not saying it not the norm here… it is when sex is all you have to do. I do not want to be trailer trash, so I went with my mom… or his pussy hole in the night, that he said is too tight, I remember the first time, I was 13, he was my first, not my boy, yet it did not count, I kissed my dad and his boys like there were lovers… I not going to say it wrong, when it felt right at the time, fit it was something to do, yet high, and laid, it is something to do, in the land where there is nothing.

(Father’s love)

Report Abuse, yes right there more AND or OR with that to… and I am the one that gets the hate… …?...

I am only 16, incredibly young and I have grown up without a father, however, I have read up that it is quite common for girls to have crushes on their fathers. I know, sounds creepy and gross but it is the male figure in the house, the one who looks after you and shows you love.

But sex is simply crazy, it is about the upbringing… many children

are brought up in a crazy life… it is the certain love between and daughter and father that can make it is something more. Many are not born with those instincts as I said, it is the upbringing, if they are taught that it is a normal thing to think of their parents in a unique way then they will not know any better.

Our society is used to the idea, of this… that we will only marry outside the family, yah but hooking up is just hooking up, but things were not always

that way on that day, yes, yes, there where, she said so.

There were times when it was common to marry your sibling, and although I have not heard of daughters marrying fathers or mothers and sons, I would not be surprised if some twisted person did it.

Yes, when I was 14 on a weekend, I was just there on the sofa in my undies. He started feeling me up, and it leads to more, it was consensual always in that we were both curious about seeing each other nude as in my

bra and panties, I was virtually naked and dad admitted that was turned on, why he had an erection in his boxers, with the next thing asked, and he said found out, and I did, and I sucked it, as all those girls do, and I do not feel bad about it. One thing led to another eventually with both of us naked and feeling and touching each other and me having multiple orgasms. I told dad I was ready to feel his penis in me and we made love that evening, all night looking over them, my sisters was 13, and she was with the guy next door, and my dad too, and many other times

continuing making love with each other at home, happen. That guy next to use got jail time… for my sis, said it was rape, yet come on, we all know… and now she the one that is detected for a man using her, at 13, and my dad… go figure.

Now find a boy, that's where I'm-a at… that understands that one… some do not care, and if they do not, they are not the right boy, I feel *ougie*… about who I am and what I did. So, I am alone, he was the only one that got it…

Its Monday, and I home from school, I never even showed it all of me yet, no wonder they think what they do, yet they are no time for the wicked, I flounce downstairs and cry in the showroom her holding me, it is in my mind, I know, half indulging for a fight, with God, yet why... he lets it goes on… why?

I ask making coffee in the kitchen with a girl I called my last hope, my sister, the shy innocent sheepish girl, that would not hurt a fly, yet want it in, and over the fact she

tailors' trash cannot, on with want she aloud rise about that… with the groups she in, with-in school. She turns to me with a grin, saying well, I going to have a baby, and my mood lifts instantly, to who, I think its dads, she said, I rearrange my pout to a smile and say wow, she hands me her coffee, half done, and kisses me on the lips like lovers, and wakes out the door, and I like this is normal to me… what? (Am- I- brainwashed or is this all I know… both, to me this is life.)

There is no sense blaming him for this, it was my idea or hers, it just happens. Simpleminded, trailer trash, is what she and I are, and there no way around that, it is what you are born it to that get you here or there. I volunteered to do it, to become a child that wants her boom -boom, from the people down the road too.

At the time, I thought it might be fun, to have fun, and sex they said was fun, and it is…

Completely insane, really, I must have been made, I would do you

even, bored, mad, curious, it just sex in a small town, where that all we have, I wanted to see, what you think of me now, I do not care what you did, why should you with me.

She encouraged me- he was over the moon, about it is my dad, saying well just say, yes it happened, when I suggested it, saying it was someone else's, I said that is not going to work, she looks up said, that why he did what he did, I get him back, he knocked me up and will say that why he had the sex change, to get out of it.

Dad, he thinks spending time around babies will make me moody, so he said, I should be looking for new home, yet come around for the weekend or he will kill me, in fact, it is doing exactly the opposite; of what I want, when I leave there I run home to my mom’s home, cannot wait to strip my clothes off and get into the shower and wash the baby smell off me. I do not know what to do… anymore… I have nowhere to go. Yet this is law and visitation rights… no? And the love I get is killing me…

Part: 19

I quit!

My job, I want to quit life… it what I said…

I long for my days, I had, thinking back on all the galleries that are no longer, prettied up, hair done well, talking to adults, about my high hope for the future... ALL FOR SHIT, ALL! …About art or films AND WHAT TO BECOME A DRAFTER.

Nothing at all would be a step up from my conversations with, God, I know she is thinking I am dull, for this too, yet she gets it! Odd for her age you

would think she would be the believer, you get the feeling that she had something to say for herself once upon a time, but now everything is about the child, now and how it is not mine, it was really his: Is she warm enough, to them through, that I want to kill him, Is she too warm? Funny how God works… he will get you for your shit…

How much milk did she take, I see a girl there with the baby sucking, she is my age, that would be my stepmother? And she is always there, so most of the time, I feel like a spare

part, of mine, will be used… her- too, at some point someday… I was sure, yah not, my job is to watch the child while and rests at my dad’s, to give her a break. A break from what, exactly. She is bizarrely nervous, too. I am constantly aware of her, hovering, twitching. She flinches every time a train passes, jumps when the phone rings, it is him/her asking, why…? …, and how, ‘They are just so fragile, aren’t they, he- she is?’ she says, and I cannot disagree with that, we can have found out.

I leave the house and walk, leaden-legged, the fifty yards along Apple Road to their house, if you can call them that, no skip in my step, like there used to be, Today, she does not open the door, for me, you are how it like usually flies open from me. it is him, on my mind, then her, and then baby-drama.

The throughs of him and looking handsome in his suit, for the dance, my sophomore year, and even now I find her cute, yet she does not want me, he is smaller, to me now

even, I wonder if there is a drug for that too, and his eyes are a little too close together, and the nose, is feminine now, eyebrows plucked, brownish - blonde colored hair, and eyeshadow. when you see him up close, it still him, I still in- love, yet he is not with me, that way, I snapped a little, but he is not bad, with me or about it, I want him back, yet he is with her. Hitherto, there is so much that has changed, yet has stayed the same.

He flashes me his wide, smile at me that never change, yet the lips

are all shiny and wet looking now, yet he, is him yet now- her, yet I want him and have her, and then he is gone, and it is them I see standing happily, should I let it goes- if they are happy, and it is just me and her and the baby, and that going to be life. I can see it happening.

Up till now, do I want him- I mean him back, like her.

Thus far, would she want me, and why should I take her back?

What would be the right thing to do when it all wrong?

Could I love her for her, that what is getting me, I do and then not… what do…

(What would you do?)

Part: 20

It a THURSDAY, 19, of some month 2017-

(EVENING)

I feel so much better, now that I kissed her and said I still love her, as if anything is possible, with us again. I am free, in my mind, and she is pissed, yet I happy and she not! I am sitting on

the terrace, with my old love, think about all that was before… all, waiting for the rain; the sky is black above me, swallows looping and diving, the air thick with moisture. Besides like all the water washes are faces and we are both wet with, the rain, a cool photo idea in black and white, a photography moment, of course, I ran for the vintage camera, holding embrace we take the selfie, and there are no recent photos on my dresser, the same yet not, yet should I care… I could learn how to fall all over, I thought. She- Louise is not happy with me… I get it, she feels un-

need at this point. You look in the frame and you see her too, all three of us that get it… moment forever… we haled hand for those moments and in those moments, I feel the love we had, so long ago.

So, I asked would you, go with me… and she said yes, I looked over the facts of this and that, and that he would never F- me, with his own dick, yet she is the mind I really love and love, and she was there to help me see, that love is not on the outside, is it? I have been making plans, about how

this could work, yet it may be gross to say, yet you get it… love is love right, yet I need him to dump her for me…

Will he do that?

The next day, he made that happen for me…

And we picked up where we left off…

I remembered, I had a teacher at school who told me once that I was a lover of self-reinvention, that I would have to find my way, and see what I have and have not had, I get that now, I

did not know what he was on about at the time, I thought he was putting me on, but I have since come to like the idea. Runaway, lover, finds the past and see what could give the present of the future, so who do I want to be tomorrow, and that would be a lover to both girls, for being girl… and not caring about others think?

I did not really mean to quit; letting others choices my life for me, the words just came out, saying I want to be with you always, we were sitting there, in her old room, sitting like in

the window, with the baby on her lap, that is my sisters, and could not be happy-er in our Fed up lives, it not going to work for some of you, but it works for us.

The girl he was dating, found someone else the same day, its high school, it was a fast rebound. So, was it love? No do we have that; I think so… Worse than that, I felt uncomfortable, as if I were intruding,

when they were together, so I left him/ her go… and with her, it all

worked, and to think I was going to end it.

‘I’ve found another job,’ I said, without really thinking about it. ‘So, I’m not going to be able to do this any longer.’ She gave me a look, I don’t think she believed me, when I said, you can rest in peace now, you have found your love, and seen what it was like, she just said, ‘Oh, that’s a shame,’ and I could tell she didn’t mean it and was happy to go her own way, she looked relieved, that I did not go for the evil pain, she didn’t even ask me what the

job was, which was a relief, because- I hadn’t through up a convincing lie, and that is being a Ghost-hunter and someone that talks to the spirit world.

(Yes, I have a gift of seeing and talking to dead kids.) I do this after school, I do not make much, but it is something, hey I young. And as far as going to college, I not sure I need that either, around here.

The only person who will really be disappointed was my sister about everything, so I must think of something to tell him, I even said I

want the baby like it was mine and his, that will put an end to it, all the drama I hear in school about this creepy freaking family we have, it is my junior year, soon I be out or old enough to get out, by singing out, she already did for the baby, girl, we named after the dyed girl that was my imaginary friend that got it, in my time of pain.

Part: 21

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 2017-

(MORNING)

I have not slept in days. I hate this, hate insomnia more than anything, just lying there, brain going around, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. I itch all over, I want to shave my head. It is just after 7:02, it is chilly out here, but then again, it is so-o lovely like this, all these strips of garden side by side, jade and cold and waiting for fingers of sunshine to creep up from the tracks and make them all come alive. I have been up for hours; I cannot sleep.

I have missed him every day. More than anyone, that is so-o, and I

happy to say I do not have to do that any longer. He was the big hole in my life, in the middle of my soul, yet she filed, or he was just the beginning of it, becoming right. I do not know… I do not even know whether all this is about him, or whether it is about everything or even her, that happened, whom do I blame, or should I?

Everything that has happened since most of happed for an impermeable reason. All I know is, one minute I am ticking along fine, and life is sweet, and I want for nothing, and

the next I cannot wait to get away, I am all over the place, slipping and sliding again.

So, I am going to see a therapist, I am sure of this! This could be weird, but it could be a laugh, too, I sure of that also, for she is going to be sitting with me just as amused.

He does not know the half of it, and I am OK-ay, with that now too, love is more than feeling loved, like that kind of love. This is not the same thing, of course, yet nothing in my life was the same as them…

I am a bit nervous, saying all this to you in this interview. but I have not been able to get to sleep lately, and I had to get my story out there, so others see my case, and somewhere to go, so yes; I invented the AA for trans*ie's*, I told him I find it difficult enough talking to people, about nothing regardless, this dog crap, well, it may not be that yet its, a- lot stuff, I know about this stuff, I can barely even talk to him about it, and now I have a room full of them, and I love them for them, and so should you 'all.

He said that is the point, you can say anything to strangers, and make them feel, just ask it in a way that is not prying, or makes them feel Uncomfortable, like that girl Megan, over there, that is being a dick, to the boys- girl that have them. Why should it matter what in your shorts… and she gives an hour-long speech about- why, before thrown out… then a boy named, Ed got up and gave his story of how he became a girl, not by choices, when they had to cut his nuts off, it was cancer, they said, he lost his dick too,

vary said, yet we all just blinked, for her, looks like a she.

Yet he not dealing well, about have a girlfriend, that not in- love with him now, but that is not completely true, they said it was endlessly-permanently and never going to end, love they had that was so cute-ie woo-ie that it makes one gag, like it harries balls, you must suck.

You cannot just say anything, in this room, well sitting by the cross a-crossed, the Frenching 17-year-old nun, and the 50-year-old greasy ass-ed prick,

with the caller, that had five boys, and knocked her up, and is bang her, regardless of GOD’s Holy F*ck, yet talks shit about the trailer trash, that I am in church, ha- go figure. That why I here to help sinners, …Yet this is where they say I should have this… where they understand, that children, like us are going to hell, for not picking the life that God gives us. I loved that one coming out of my love's mouth... they did not even know what to say…! I know she- loves me so much; it makes me ache. I do not know how she does it.

I would drive me mad if I had to put up with me… I said that, and then through.

But I had to do something, and at least this feels right for me to do. All those plans I had-photography courses and art classes when it comes down to it, they feel a bit pointless, now that I am doing this for a job, yet live is wired like that like I am playing at real-life instead of living it like they why I was with her in my mind. Crazy, yet to some, it makes complete senses. I had to find something that I must do in my life, something undeniable. I cannot do

this, I cannot just be this… whatever this is, I must document it, I am the first…, I do not understand how anyone does it, like living with sickness, and yes, it is, yet I get it now, there is nothing to do but wait, and see what happens, wait for someone to love you for you.

Part: 22

(EVENING)

I get up today, after a quick cat nap, and see that another officer has been shot in the face, that now five this week, cool, and no one is stopping it,

why should they, it is the people taking back the law, and getting their free rights back. I could give a shit, and I snap it off…

I have been kept waiting, for the train, to start my day is now my last year of school, I am living with her in my home, like renting the appointment, our room off my mother- yes, I must pay to live in my own home, or I am out, and she too, a $1,000 a month with all, and I behind. I must pay for my phone, $600 and to have what they do, I have taxes to pay into, I must put $50

or so gas in my car a week, and that I will not pay off until I am 80, and it is a 1990 corolla, that all colors. Or it back to my dad’s, and her mom kicked her out at 16, they need the room for the other huger mouth that they have, they said to her, so she is with me, she was living with her old girlfriend, yet now that we are back together, we are trying to make it. $500 me $500 her… And I only make $300 a year, doing this job, and that is more than them, go to college, add is not paying and my mom is not either, or she makes too much to get it anyway.

I cannot even afford new undies, eating out every day, is $60 for she and I. and if you do not eat out, around her there is nothing to do, so its sex, eating out, and well eating out.

Half an hour ago, I was wondering if… I going to make it in life, and I am still here, even if they do not want me to be, you get what I am saying. Sitting in the reception room flicking through 3 shows that all I can have, thinking about getting up and walking out, down at the gym, and that is not free either, $25 for them to look

at your face going in the door, I know doctors' appointments run over, all this too, and I do not have coverage for that, but therapists is what I need they say…? I even pay to take a shit, and for me bag shit and taking out, I pay for water, I mean really water… more bills then texted, and they all want to see me and her fall on our ass's… that's life in a small town. The next move is in someone doghouse, I feel it coming, heating for this home is $900 a month in December.

Films have always led, me a happy feeling, that would be cool if I could keep the power on, halfway through the mount its cut, and there is a fee for that to get that back on, and I have paid mom for it, yet tell them that at the power company… they do not want to hear it, she spent that on drugs, and free sex, and working at bars here and there. And you must have insurance for everything also… more money I do not have, yet I am grown-up at 17, yet I can get a bear, or have sex, or get a pack, without getting carded, yet I am grown up, to them. My car was

said to not be on the road when it was in the shop, yet I must work, yet the cope does not get that either, or they are more than happy to the ticket. And funny school tax my mom pays in one year is $3,000 and I cannot spell or think over someone that is in 2nd grade they say, and sure, we all are being failed. They get 6 million dollars a year, yet we have no books, no papers, do not need to author a paper, do not need to do math over adding and subtracting, do not need to do anything for they feel we cannot even shit and wipe, and yet the teachers make $30,000 a year and

do not care or want to be there tell, me why, I am living the way I am.

So, the shit I am in I have made someone a million, for doing nothing, but let us sit and rot. Um- me to believe that they kick you out the moment your thirty minutes are up, is the best thing ever they say, I suppose they are not really talking about the kind of therapist you get referred to on the National Health Service, no more like some girl, that has nothing to do with anything is good enough, kind of like me and what I do for others.

Note- to all girls on Facebook, if you and your past lover/ex is no longer, take the photos down, it is just hurting yourself, and go to Walmart, get them printed, for your memory only, and put them in a shoebox, with a ribbon tied tightly, and move on so we can too.

I remember, go up to the receptionist to tell her, that I have waited long enough, to feel that I can do this job, I am leaving, my hometown if I do not get this, when the doctor's office door swings open, for my drug

test, he already through I was no good, he is a lanky man, emerges, looking apologetic and holding out his hand to me, asking to piss in the cup, and he must look for he cannot trust my type, yet I must trust him right- go figure. ‘Mr. Haswell, I am so sorry to have kept you waiting,’ he says, I just smile at him and tell him it is all right, and I feel, at this moment, about letting him look at me down there too, it like the dad I through, in my sick mind… that it will be all right because I have only been in company for a dad and I feel

right at home, a moment or two and already I feel mollified.

It is the voice. Soft and low. Slightly accented, which I was expecting, because his name is dock- is- I guess he must be med- thirties, although he looks incredibly young with his incredible dark honey skin. He has hands, nice, I could imagine on me, long and delicate fingers, there, and I was getting turn on by it- good every girl's nightmare, clit showing anyone, I can almost feel them on my hood skin.

I thought so therefore you in practice to see all the young girls… he winks at me, saying all is good, here.

'I CAN SEE THAT YOU HAD SEX,' 'Yet, girls today I see in my office are younger than you, so, whatever-' he gave you should not speak, holding a vagina- cutaway, that is glass, in his hand, Umm-hmm- I roll my eyes and get a free condom- thrown in my lap, so, (it is better than- the poop test) I sit, getting, a handful of tongue depressors, and a half a bottle of germ-x, and placing it in my handbag, he back in

the room, as the door opens, I just get my bushing butt back down- knowing I was busted, ‘disinfectant-’ he said- ‘there should be one I hear- hum- have to give the girls hell,’ yet this man has a ponytail and wear a leather vest, looking more like a hells angel then a doctor, rough and ready is his style… so washing hands, he can do after, ha, I sure he’ll-a doing scratch and sniff, before going into the next room.

We do not talk about anything significant, it is just the introductory session, the getting to-know-your stuff,

about your body that makes you gag some of it, there was no jock there, yet you are smelling; he asks me what the trouble, I have been in overtime with my dad and mom, saying- ‘I am not the bad girl.’ I tell him about the panic attacks, insomnia, I been having yet I think not… I know what that going to do, drugs, and help, that I do not want… so they can talk, no thanks. Just what I need drugs in a drug-ie home… hum, I see that I would not be the one taking them, and all they would be asking for me to give, as a setup, been there… the fact, that I lie awake at

night too frightened to fall asleep, is not the end of the world, to me… even if… YOU FEEL IN THE BLANKS, you think you know me too- right?

He wants me to talk a bit more about that, noggin, but I am not ready yet to say I am a physio tared. He asks me, all the doc crap- if I moody- PMS-ing- think about killing a church full of bible bangers, whether I take drugs, drink alcohol, also- I just said- all the time doc, all the time, he looks at me with that sideward stern, yet nice look, along with the- I've seen you grow up

smirk on his face, as if I was joking, rubbing his hand on his ripped jeans, there is mud on his cowboy boots too, his double bar- glasses are at the end of his nose while doing all this, lower lip bitten and tucked into some.

I tell him I have other vices these days, and I catch his eye and he knows what I mean… 'umm-' he said 2 finger typing on the keyboard, Then he feels, my belief, my chest for lump so he said, and back and whatnot, breathing and all that too, this should be this and that should be this, hit, hit,

and spit, and those rubbed… too; yep at the doctors. As if I ought to be taking this a bit more seriously, so I tell him about the gallery closing, uptown, and that I feel at a lost all the time, and have no short-term memory, ‘it is that is early- signs of- dementia.’ ‘Not common, yet could be…,’ he said.

My lack of direction, to what he was saying was my mind, playing tricks on me, the fact that, I spend too much time in my head.

He doesn’t talk much, as he logs out, just the occasional prompt,

but I want to hear him speak more about what is wrong with me, ‘so-a, I’m leaving, see you in a month- don’t do two boys in the same day, he said-

it's slutty.’ While- running out the door- slamming it hard.

‘Thanks DOC.’ Is what I said.

Part: 23

Dad is waiting for me when I get home, over this weekend it is more of the same, he thrusts a drink into my hand, saying go for it, yet that is a dad he thinks it is cute when I drunk, he

wants to know all about it. I say- it was Okay. He asks me about the therapist thing I am doing, and if I am keeping it: did I like them, did he seem nice?

OK-ay, I say- again, because I do not want to sound too enthusiastic. He asks me whether we talked about Haven. And how she thinks everything is about me. He may be right, about that all too, He may know me better than I think she does, even when it comes to the way I think.

TUESDAY, November 26, 2017-

(Not long- BEFORE NOON)

I woke early this morning, that was sarcasm if you did not get it; but I did sleep for a few hours, just looking her over trying to fall for what's on the outside now, of her, which is an improvement on last week, she is really a woman now, not the boy I fell in love with-in like kindergarten, I felt almost refreshed when I got out of bed, so instead of sitting on the veranda, and see the steam train go by, I decided to go for a walk, next to the track's not on them.

I have been shutting myself away, without realizing it. The only places I go these days are to the shops, my classes, I still have trust issues with them, yet I have one or two real friends, and her that all I need, and the therapist, God right. No, I happier now than ever, (thumbs up!); occasionally to some girls, I sit with lunch.

The rest of the time, I am at home, I and I end it with my dad, over he was playing with the baby, it is no wonder, I get restless, yet- I'm-a- the bad girl.

I walk out of the house, turn right and then left onto Apple Road, things are all the same, yet I feel new life in me. It was letting go… past the inns, bars and holy places, the ornament that litter the streets. We used to go there all the time; when they were one, and not 2 with more than two in them, at one time; I cannot remember why we stopped going out and seeing faces, I do not. I never-ever, liked it all that much, too many couples just the right, you know boy-girl, all drinking too much and dicking around for something better,

wondering if they would have the courage, to say no. That is why we stopped going, because I did not like what the world became, and I was not them. Past the hostelry, past the workshops. I do not want to go far, just a little tour to stretch my legs, and see how the other half live, that are boy-girl. Yet- I have everything, I want right…?

It is nice being out early, before the school run, on the train… before the commute gets going also on Amtrak; the streets are empty and not

too- too clean, yet I have seen worse the day full of prospect. I feel good and, yet I steel not like them I still holding on to what I should have lost in 9th grade, and you know what I could give a frap'n F! I am sick of sex before having it, I have it with her, so is that real or not? Some would say know, is it gay, or what is it… you tell me, it not documented yet what we do.

(They say you are not FUCKED until you have one in you, well- then liz-bo's are what, what are we? A gay man

is- what, even if- there is no baby coming out of that, but hole is there.)

So, what are we freaks, or what? I did not want it, yet this is what I have been handed. I still feel that life, and how you are raised has something to do with being transgender. I look at her and say- whatever makes you happy… yet she never truly going to be, and you can get why. And if not, you need to stop and think. I turn left again, walk down to the little playground, and started swinging, like I did as a child, the only poor excuse for green space

we have. It is empty now the town yes going to sleep for the lights to come on in a warm glow, but in a few hours, it will be swarming with toddlers, mothers, and dads that are not freaked up like ours, it is them that did this so she and me.

Half the girls will be here, are just that girls and the boys know what they are too; yet, I look around and think, what this world going to be when things change, and the change is something more than what it is today, like what if you could pick before you

are made, or a year into life, by reading your mind or something crazy like that, competitively stretching, manicured hands wrapped around a Starbucks, I am 10 feet in the are back and forth, holding on with on hand. I fly off and all the coffee, that was in the cup is now in the air like me, and not a drop is spilled, and it all back in place like, me with feet on the ground.

I carry on past the park and down towards Cherry-Berry Avenue. If I turned right here, I would go up past my gallery-what was my gallery, now a

vacant shop window-but I do not want to because that still hurts a little. I tried so-o hard to make a success of it, throughout these years, wrong place, wrong time-no, yes not in this economy, I could have done something else.

Instead, I turn right, past the Rockville express line that part of Pa railroad, past the other pub, the one where people from the estates go that have money and look down on me in many ways, and back towards home, that run down, and as they say should be condemned. I am starting to get

nervous. I can feel butterflies now, think about her as I did with him, both the same yet like it all new, re-learn someone. I am afraid of bumping into the Watsons because it is always awkward when I see them; it is patently obvious that I do not have a new job, that I lied because I did not want to carry on working for them.

Otherwise, and rather, it is awkward when I see her, just know, that all- of it. ignores me, and my throughs of what if…, but she takes things personally when I feel, lost in

her arms, and feel as if she should act more like he, her.

She obviously thinks that my short-lived career as a saver ended, because of her or because of her child, and my sister and dad. It was not about her child at all, although the circumstance, that the child never-ever stops whining did not make her hard to love, as she may think, she is being a mom to her like me. Yet a dad is what she needs, she needs and what I need also.

It is all so much more complicated, but of course, I cannot explain that to her. Anyway, and forever- never ever leaving her. That's one of the reasons I've been shutting myself away, I suppose- its, for the reason that I don't want to see the little girl grow up in a brock F-ed home like she and I did- and already the child is F-ed, what is she going to do in school, and the kids are not going to be kind, to trash, trans, shit like us, that the sisters, of the dad, crazy crap… talk… conversations… dialog, all BS. Part of me hopes they'll just move, or that, I do

when I have the money to get out of this town, you have to have money to make it and get, away I do not. I know she does not like being here: in this place, yet I love and heat it, all the same, it is my home town where you can let go, and they will not let go of you, she hates the house, also, hates living among the trash the in it, and dirty launder, that we do not know how to do for we razed and tea-ch-ed (and yes I seed that for you will get it) our-selfies everything is in this life and it not to munificent, hates the trains.

Cannot read, write without it being text with Spell- Checker saying ever definition, Math I am-a able only with, using a calculator, I’s cannot make change, I lost 3 pennies and got fired, can tell time, like my mom can, filed all the places on the flat maps in class, that are not in a 60-mile radius, how many feet in a mile 5,280, funny that I do know… no English, I would say or do it right yet, I need to no other one, yes right, I do not know the first one. Cam. Never had it, prealgebra for 4 years not going past it, was it. And then they have the audacity to ask, why

were all stupid? You- YOU- did not teach the US, anything but sex, and feeling like we should just end it NOW.

Bio, I failed, I failed everything, and sat in there doing nothing; I never had to read a book for class, never assigned homework, nothing but rot, 12 years never getting back, I do not even think my school has any books when she and I think about it. I, she, them, did not even really need a pin, either nothing to write, they all think we can so, why would we need one, not one in

my class is doing anything with their life.

Making babies is all we know how to do, and we can do the after-party, home with mom and dad until they say grow up, and we must ask how you did not teach that either. FAIL- all over with the kid, that is born in the years 2000- 01. Giving up is all we were through, and how-to party, expecting and not knowing know to work for it, yet they need to teach it, don’t they?

Part: 24

I stop at the corner and peer into the underpass, the train overhead, I had to go to my old spot, and remember, something that is getting harder to do, yet in something not. I wanted to remember the times in my head with the girl that helped me.

That smell of cold and damp always sends a little shiver down my spine, and I remember her doing just that, giving me that shiver down my back touching it, it is like turning over a rock in Rockville, under the stone overpass, to see what's underneath:

moss and caterpillars and earth, that creep on the ground as they do in my brain, It reminds me of playing in the rockery as a child, nothing changes here, I feel childlike… and I feel like I still there, yet the world changes around me. looking for frogs by the pond with him and being as one of the boys. I walk on, lost in thought till I hit the tracks. The street is clear-no sign of the kids, the wind takes my hair, in the breeze, and I understand day in out and day, out that I cannot remember their names, and thing, and places, and the part of me that cannot resist, yet want,

yet cannot remember, a bit of theater is quite disappointed, to me as I act it out in frustration next to the tracks, asking- why…?

Part: 25

(EVENING)

I cannot keep still…, even though she just called to say she must work late she is working at the dollar story making 2 dollars, an hour, and drawing a dollar fifty, which is not the news I wanted to hear, having the baby, that they want to take into predictive custody and give to all people my

daddy, yet they do not believe me, I am feeling edgy, have been all day, I do not want to go back there, yet, I feel someone or something pulling at me.

I am too frazzled, my heartbeat feels like a flutter in my chest, like a bird trying to get out of a cage; I cannot just sit here, watching the trains, I need her to come home and calm me down, I just know it, I did not go to school today, did she, I do not recall, or did I, need too I do not remember, yet what day is and time? …, and now it is going to be hours

before she gets here, and my brain is going to keep racing around, and around and around, and I know I have a sleepless night pending.

I slip my flip-flops, on my bed with her, then him, and her, and him, my dad rolling around in my head, on and go downstairs, and pull things in and do not remember why I did, I thought it was for toast, yet that was a through, I let go of too, lost in the past of horror, out of the front door and on to Road, I run for the train, to keep all the insane away. I not thinking, yet

thinking too much, it is around seven thirty- three, like- a few lazybones on their way home from work, pass me running, for the end, of it.

There is no one else around, though you can hear the cries of kids playing in their park, as I feel in my mind like a child lost, taking advantage of the last of the sunshine before they get called in for dinner, and a bath, by moms and dad that care.

And she is running for me, and I to her… and the light shines in my

eyes, and the light is out in my eyes, just clockwork, here… nothing more.

Part: 26

I walk down the road, towards the station. I stop for a moment outside number three track and think about not getting off this time, the bell ringing on the steam train. What would I say, to them if I was not to, nothing they do not care? Ran out of sugar, and went to get some? Just fancied a chat, with the officer looking at me like, I crazy saying do not. Their blinds are half-open, on the cars they do not see me, but I

cannot see anyone inside, my mind, thinking clearly, about not needing me.

I carry on towards the corner, and without really thinking about it, I continue down into the underpass underneath the tracks, which is ironically meant to run me over. I look down and notice that there is something on the floor, somehow, I know on the very train, that was under me, is it a new day, or wh-at…?

I have lost it… a hairband, purple, stretched, well used, is my way of knowing that it a Tuesday, and that

was the day before I was there, so why is my mind doing this to me? I am a runner but something about it gives me the creeps, that I keep doing this and do not remember why, and I want to get out of there quickly and move on with my life, yet I cannot, back into the sunshine, and thinks that I love.

On the way, back down the road, I know where I was the day before, yet is this just in my head too, she passes me in the train car and sits with me holding my hand saying it is all good, our eyes meet for just a second

and she smiles at me. I am about halfway through when the train runs overhead, and it is magnificent: it is like an earthquake, you can feel, its right in the center of your body, making your heart pound, stirring up the blood, making the brain feel, a rush, like an orgasm, (God knows that the only way I can really have one.)

Its FRIDAY I know by the pink hair tie, of 2017-

(MORNING)

I pass out cold for an hour or two, then I wake, sick with fear, sick

with myself. I am exhausted I did not sleep, my head thick with sleeplessness. When I drink and do some drug, I feel more alert, I hardly sleep at all, and do not know why I do and yet do not. If I have a day when I do not drink or do a drug I feel, empty on the inside, that night I fall into the heaviest of slumbers, when I found Methamphetamine, ICE (I found how to make it sitting in school, and I took notes, funny the guest speaker had a lot to offer me, sitting in the auditorium,) I self-med, they are not going to say I need, yet I do, and I kept

that from all them, even her too. It is a deep unconsciousness, and in the morning, I cannot wake properly, without feeling hazed, I cannot shake sleep; it stays with me for hours, sometimes all day long, I in another world like, yet it better than- feeling. I cannot get blood work now or see, the doctor, yet he is no help anyways, there is just a handful of people in my carriage today, none in my immediate vicinity. There is no one watching me, so I lean my head against the window and close my eyes.

The screech of the train's brakes wakes me, I lost in my room looking out the window, just like her, the girl that lost her mind, a hundred years ago, doing the same as I just in a new way. Snap- then I am at the signal, and she is heading for me, at this time of the morning, at this time of year, the sun shines directly onto the back of the trackside and my house, flooding it with light.

Yet, I see nothing but haze… I can almost feel it, the warmth of that morning sunshine, like the shot of the

drug running through me doing the same, on my face and arms as I sit at the breakfast table, eating my food in one bit and galp, going down hard. She opposite me, and worried, her bare feet resting on top, for the reasons they are always so much warmer than mine, and she rubs them on me to get them hotter, my eyes cast down at the magazine, for teen girls. I can feel her smiling at me, the blush spreading from my neck to my chest, the way it always did when she looked at me a certain way as him. I blink hard and all of them are gone, all the faces I know looking at

me like they know me. We are still at the signal, and I sitting there, looking at them looking at me.

And yet, I am the one, that looks normal…!

Part: 27

I can see me as a kid in the garden where I played, and behind her, a man walking out of the house, and it is my day to play with me as the man- I respected at the time. He is carrying something-mugs of coffee, perhaps-and I look at him and realize, at me with love, a man that looks at me with the

look you would give a teen lover, that when it all started, that it is not normal.

This man is taller, slender, darker, then I remember, yet that would have been him at the time. He bends down, placing the mugs on the metal table on their patio, picking me up and kissing me on the lips, like I said that is when… the end.

He is a family and friend, and them too; run in my mind also in fragments, like this, my sisters' ant's brothers, an atom that was ant Jimmi, was my dad, was all misfiring, yeah- I

that messed up. I snatch air into my lungs, and realize, that I have been holding my breath and that not a joke, I did not remember to do so. I could not even remember if I had a brother or not.

As the feeling went through me… I remember a cousin from Australia or was that a singer; (I am thing singer) I do not recall, I slip into madness, staying for a couple of weeks; there I am sure, yet no one cares… but her she is my oldest friend, I love her and she- me, cray to think I was out for

a year in a- coma, they said, I almost died.

(whiteness)

She walks towards me I- in the bed in the ER room, she puts her hands around me and holds my waist and she kisses' me, long and deep. She was there with me for a year that is love if I ever saw it…, no…?

(2018) the day does not care, the year not imprint… do you give a shit- no – not really, so, why do I? The train moves, through my mind, and body as I am out like it did when I was

there, like dreaming the same day over and over- and over- and over, like if it is all a dream, yet I know it was not I know, I cannot believe it.

Why…?

Why, would she do that? When have I dumped her for less, then my stupid? She never went back to her girl-ie love all this time, their talk was good for something, was it not, I can see it, they are happy, that I was out of there F-n lives.

That she could be with them not me.

She was the only one that came to see me, yet I was the dumb one, no? I cannot believe she would do that, and not do that, or that too, yes. On a larger scale, to a more intense degree, of course, I was the one that said this was the way out, but I remember the quality of the pain, I had so- yes, what other choice did I have- really. You do not forget it, I sure either, being that girl, what to OD. She doesn't deserve that, and I don't get why, I did it, I-s' feel's – um- don't… I'm-a still groggy from sleeping so-o long, a real sense of disappointment, to my mom whom

through she was getting money form it all, like my death and shit; I feel as though, I have been cheated on.

A familiar ache fills my chest; I have felt this way before, like when he became, she. School at some point I need I would have to go back and do, yet at home; yet I do not knowledge with no PC or internet as I could pay for it. I found out the way everyone seems to find out these days: an electronic slip, on a text of what really happened to me. Sometimes, it is a text or a voice mail message; in my case, it

was an email it is all saying RIP, you have not missed, yet that is not slander, yet I fart and get it, the modern-day lipstick on the collar, was all around too, it was an accident, really, I was not snooping, in her phone.

I really think they all wanted me to die too…

Part: 28

I wasn’t supposed to go near any computer, of I would get my ass in a world of hurt they said to me, you know all the ones that have restating orders for I am a danger to myself and

others over; self-helping myself; unlike what they should and could be doing for me, because he was worried, all she was worried about was me, deleting something they need to quote un-quote help me, that's important to them, or click on something, that I would find that would have me sent out, I shouldn't delete, yet she said, the dumbest thing, I can't let you for, you push too many buttons virus or something, that would crash the PC, or that it would be hacked. They took mine, not much of anything on it other than a few porn sites I did not want

anyone know about, yet they do, it is not like I have anything to hide, why do they want it- I know it, in the first place is to see if, like- I lost my mind or something like that. Yet, they see, and say what they like about my hard drive, saying I was leading up to something heinous and or sadistic! 'Technology's not really your strong points, she said to me, is it…?

Like- knowledge, skill, and ability.' I managed to delete all the contacts, she had, saying- shit about me, what was wrong about that, in her

email address settings, I said it was all by mistake, yet they knew better, saying I had something to hide, no I just do not like them talking about me.

So, I was not supposed to touch it, or anything on or within it, not even the screen.

Nevertheless, I was doing a good thing, ant I? Um- I am trying to make amends, for being a bit depressed and difficult, to them all they said, I wanted it to be a surprise, by some that cared or got me, for why, yet not even she got it at this point, so-o I had to

check her work schedule secretly, I had to look, to see if she found someone new, other than me.

~*~

I was out all thanksgiving, I was told that she was in my home all alone, but I just bet… I was not snooping, its Christmas, and she did not even get me anything, there are lights, strung up like a 5-year-old did them when I walk through the door, I have not seen my home, in weeks, yet she had, it nicer than ever, not her at all, I wondered. She found time to take

over my job also and to keep the home, and make nice with my mom, like the girl she never had, I was um- I do not have words for it.

I was not trying to catch him out or anything, with a new lover, yet I knew, I knew… I knew better than that, in my heart, yet not in my mind that was still fuzzy. I did not want to be one of those awful suspicious girlfriends who go through their girlfriend's bag, and say you have- do this and that- yet I want the truth, and they are not saying. When I answered her phone was off,

and that is a never when she was in the shower and he got quite upset, seeing new nude photos of a girl on there looking cuter than I, would ever, I knew it, yet she was in, out of town, she going to leave me, I could feel it, yet I deserve that, don't I? Besides accused me of not trusting her. I felt awful because she seemed so hurt, when I said go with your new SLUT, I do not care, yet I do.

Really, I did nothing but say in my bed, lost in my mind, and dreams, I was- there, lost, and there, lost. Lost

with not having her completely. I knew that the big man up there was giving me my hell, I needed to look at her work schedule, I know that is when they were… um… where… yes… and she had left his laptop on, and I know the password, so I when and did the stocking thing, that is all I can to they say. Why she had run out late for a meeting, with the team, of them.

On there is a starting of a book about her story of being a transsexual, and I read it, and there, was a bit in there about me, and I start to cry, she

really loves me, I know, it is just me and it is just her, and how we are.

It was the perfect opportunity, to sink in the I love you for life part in there, before she sends it to someone, so I had a look at his calendar, noted down some dates, and say my side of this story also, I know she would say, I was stilling her thunder, yet I sure they would want to hear my side.

When I closed the browser, and MS Word, on the windows, I looked at all the email account, see what I have missed, and what they do and do not do

that I am not a part of, logged in, laying bare there. The emails where a girl like her, that made the change, and she was saying he said of the story and that they should get together, for its all the same, was it, love, no but I took it that way, I clicked, for more, and it was not, at all what my mind was thinking.

I thought it was spam at first, when I read her posts until I realized, that they were kisses, hugs, and storylines about her life, mine, and hers, all the same- like. What was missing was the why of it all, or what

make a boy want to be a girl, and that is where I came in saying I think is the way you are raised, and state of mind, it is a sickness to me, or something over being raised, where a man has all control over you-you do not want that ever so you turn to a girl- for love.

In an email:

I asked for more photos, it was a reply to a message, here to say she wants to meet me and her, and have a hook up also, hey were young why not, 3 girl sex, I would love it, I had to wonder the parts if she were she-boy or

girl-ie made, I would, um- well have it, she had sent a few hours before, just after seven, when I was still slumbering in our bed. And said to say she had all that changed now, yet I was in-like with her, and want to see where it would go also.

She is girl-ie made, having the hole nothing more, yet I fell asleep last night thinking of her in dirty ways, I have a thing for this girl now, what can I say they are real, and sweet, unlike other girls, or boys these days, I was dreaming about kissing her mouth, and

all lips she had, her breasts, the inside of her girlie-ness. I woke this morning with my head full of her, desperate to touch her, it was fast lust of me touching myself to her photos, and they the video chatting start she saw me doing it, and it was friendship to more in a day or less, do not expect me to be sane, I cannot be, not with you, then her, or anyone.

I read her messages and had the video up, and I was looking at her doing the same things with me: sexting yet with video, I loved it, to thrilling, so

wrong, yet right, and she knows nothing about me yet so I, I thought why not, even if it is not long-lasting it is a thrill. in love with her, until and after I welt the shame, why? All girls feel that why it is for we pounded to think touching and feeling is dirty, or sin or it is not nice for a girl, I live once I’m-a going to cum. And they- you or she is going to stop me, and God, he gets it also, and she just as missed up as I so, it is all right…

…All right…!

Cheating, nah- I do not think that is a thing anymore… with any girl my age, you do, what you do, with what you do, how you do, and if they do not like you that day, do it with one that you want too, with you, it is what you do. Get off- is how- to do…

Part: 29

Haven- so being trans and look at yourself like in photos and in the glass, I learned to love me for me I want to me. Others got it, I would say, I am not like all those in your place,

where you live, I had friends and a girl that gets it.

I remember when told her that he had never felt like this before, that he could not wait to be with her, that it would not be long until they could be together.

All true, yet I had to do what I did for me even if it seemed selfish… I had it all, a girl that loved me for being the right boy, I would say why was I not happy with that, it was that I was not seeing whom I was on the inside showing out the out. And that fact I all

was wanted to feel girl, even down there too.

I had her yet not me… if that makes any sense…

People ask all the time, so what was it like to go through the change and what do they do, when taking all that off and making a puss- puss…?

I just give them a link to a YouTube video.

And my photo of my new stuff… as you can see here.

A journey starts with the first step, and it goes forward at your pace.

Usually, it begins with the therapist, finding out where you are in your gender variance.

First, you get a whole bunch of hormone injections. They cause you to lose muscle tone, gain fat, and your cheekbones to rise. Your mammary glands also grow.

Then slowly hormones from a doctor again slowly at your own pace.

You should be working closely with your doctor and in the final in control of how fast you go forward.

Some transgender folk does not transition all the way others do and you will find out for yourself as you go.

The hormones and dosage can be done in several methods, pills, injections even patches.

It hurts like hell, you feel and smell like her, trying to get all that is boy off you… everything boy makes me want to sick. I love the pick, mermaids, and all that is girlie… I always did, even

as a girl-boy up ‘till 12, and that when I had to pick what I wanted... They will cause body changes, skin, weight moves around, curves if you are lucky, other things begin to shrink, then if you decide surgery.

And then optional cosmetic surgery can be done. The younger you begin the better.

Done properly, so I had to make a pick younger than you think of what I really wanted in life, and with proper guidance, you can be happy, that what they say, yet you can never

really get there, I feel, baby's and girls, to date, or whatever have a lot to deal with… and will be the person you have always been but no one else could see.

Well just end up living together, name change, bathroom, and so on, is not but a cost on whom I am… and what I want to be, if you did not know I was trans you would not, yet those that do, take me as a freak. Unless they are the ones that care for me, you know, that have a brain.

My voice is now sweet and high, and all girlie, you would love me I

am sure of it, do not judge what you do not understand.

So back to what happens…

A lot of things happen, first, you take hormones such as estrogen pills and antiandrogens.

Like- you do this to start transitioning through it is optional. They do tend to yield satisfactory results for general appearance through.

Then you would go through FFS (facial feminization surgery) which

is done to make you look more feminine.

Then there is the psychiatric evaluation to make sure you are absolutely, sure about this and that your mentally stable enough to go through with it.

I passed… they get it, yet some ask why a doctor would do this for money, I get that, it is to make the one in the body happy.

Then finally there is the sexual reassignment surgery which alters your male genitals to female genitals, using

the penis to create a vagina, a good place to look is- tsroadmap.com.

It has useful information, and do not be an ass, about it you do not understand me, goes f- off, boys that are dumb, for everything you need to know about transitioning is her.

One thing I hated about being a boy and around them was the dumb they are. Good luck if you are like me!

Then:

After several months of those intentions, at 12 and up and for life,

you must proceed to surgical alteration, I did mine at the end of the age of 13- going for 14.

Giving you knockers is the easy part, both implants- my nips are smaller also, a 32B- worked for me, getting a functional vagina is extremely difficult, to spray and do all things you want it too as a girl. I just want to cum like all the other girls I know that sleepover and we do that, yet not a sure thing, they think it cute, like them, I learned I am me, not them or anyone other than that, yet it works.

Most transgendered individuals I know keep their original genitalia, so they can still have orgasms. Yet I have had them… its challenging work yet can go off, after an hour or so… of dildo loving fun.

Others in school were not kind to me, I have my girls, we all do in school, yet them, I think there simple to whom I am… nothing more. I have 10 girls that I love, and they get me. That is more than a girl- like me, can ask for, and I have her, always, even if she is not coping with me well.

Yet, I been called the girl with a dick, and other names, yet that nothing to whom I want to be, and what I wanted and what God did not do right for me, I am sorry to say, and I do not blame anyone for it, it is just what I was predestined to do, I guess…? My life plan… they would say… a church that gets my type, God loves us all, even if this or that way- it is good to remember that. I am a living bean after all- just like you, yet not in sex. I not crazy- I not unlike any other girl out there…

I am me… I have become me- inside and out, deal with it, or not, you pick. I not that hard to understand… am I?

Part: 30

I do not have words to describe what I felt that day, but now, sitting on the train, I am furious, nails digging into my palms, tears stinging my eyes, the day she said it was over, I remember it, yet even now, I get it, yet I am the same one the inside, yet she never felt that way to me, on the outside.

(Flash Back)

I feel a flash of intense anger. I feel as though something has been taken away from me. I remember it all, how could she… do this to me?

How could she do that…? I thought about it, it is just boobs and a vagina, …so what? What was the hard then, now I get was not have the sex we planned on, yet I did not want it, did she not get that? I said after we would, yet she yelled, without a dick, with a fake one, that F-ed up, you asshole. Think about what I want she said, and I

said all the ways I loved her, yet that was not enough for her hitting and slapping on me and saying get out!

‘What is wrong with her?’ I thought, and she said- I had that twisted, ‘look at the life they have, have- as girls a girl, I want to be,’ I said to her- ‘I want it more than anything,’ ‘more than me,’ she said, if that the way you want then yes, ‘look at how beautiful they are,’ I said to her in the hallways of the school, all over Rockville, all the time really, she was

sick of it, and me being here and not the storing loving him!

I have never- ever understood how people can blithely disrespect the damage they do by following their hearts.

Who was it said, that following your heart is a good thing? May not have been trans, it is pure selfishness, selfishness to overcome all, I speculate. Hate floods me, to the ones that do not get it, yet I love me now, yet not all days and she learned too, it is all about

living and find life, as you want it to be, in finding you.

As I said, ‘you do not have to be the one…’ yet, like- I know that she is… I just know.

Part: 31

Me- (Back 2014)

Age 15-

(EVENING)

The 5:55 fast train to Rockville, on Amtrak, has been canceled, along with are steamer that we use that the

school said, is good enough it is all we can afford, today there is no way over the lake to the town side, so its passengers have invaded my train, there was a derailment over the way, blocking at traffic, upended room carriages, three teen girls dyed- their names or on the news yet not imprint to me.

I, fortunately, have a seat, but by the aisle, on days unlike this, not next to the window, where all you see is high water, and reflections on the splashing waves, and there are bodies

pressed against my shoulder, my knee, invading my space, for the entire school body is jampacked in three train cars that form the 1900's. with no heat in them.

The heat has been building all day, with all the sadness over them, closing in on me, I feel as though I am breathing through a disguise. I have an urge to push back, to get up and shove. Every single window has been opened, just out of them dumb like always, jumping around and about as young kids do, and yet, even while we are

moving, the carriage feels airless a locked metal box.

I cannot get sufficient oxygen into my lungs. I feel sick, over Smalling carnosine heaters. I cannot stop replaying the scene in the coffee shop this morning, and fogged window, in this winter wonderland, something off a Christmas card for sure, I cannot stop feeling as though I am still there in her mind and not my own, I cannot stop seeing the looks on their faces, then and now.

I blame her the girl the haunts me, for all the loss of life, yet that may just be my mind. I was obsessing this morning about the girls that were lost faces, three girls, Charli- Emily, Ellieddy and Ameliah, all under the age of 12.

Yet, it is not like we have not seen this before, it is in the press one day and old news of we all must move one the next. The is when her hair was growing out, about what she had done and how he would feel, no longer being on the boy side of things, this is when

she starts the dress too, and the fresh look, when she was at the start of her teen years.

And I lost my boyfriend, about the confrontation, with the others over her I stood up for her, she was picked on making the change, now they love her, yet she is… like them now, I was walking around in a daze, those days think about him, without thinking, I thought I would never see him again. I have her, yet at the time, I did not see what could be, and what is… and not I went into the coffee shop that everyone

from my town uses, on days where everything else is shouting down. I love to have days, like this even if you must make them up, I hate school! I was through the door before I saw them, with him/ her now, and by the time, I did it was too late to turn back, and he called me over, saying that he loved me, I thought why you are a girl now that likes girls, is that not wrong, and I am a girl that likes boys only, is that not wrong- being right?

They were beholding at me, and she did too, eyes widening for a

fraction of subsequent moments before they remembered to fix smiles on their faces.

All the- girls, there is now a new grope, that love him as a- her, saying he what they have been looking for to round them off, or words to that, that was awkwardness for me, for I not like them, thinking of it, are now beckoning, waving me over her, makes me say how, I not beaning a green monster- I not, yet. ‘Rachel! Being one is like playing with hem and teaching all that is a girl.’ She said, arms

outstretched, pulling me into a hug, I will show all that you need to know about boob periods, and whatnot, and boys, or girls, or whatever even how to do your makeup.

I was not expecting it, my hands were caught between us, saying you understand your part of the grope right, I said sure and walked out the door, fumbling against his body, saying I will not bother, that he needs to pick me or them, that was the start of this… Sasha smiled sneakily as only she can, gave me tentative air-kisses, trying not

to get too close. ‘What was she doing here, anyway, she is trash?’

‘I get that, yet you don’t get her as I do,’ Haven said.

For a long, long moment, I went blank, staring in at them from outside, think the why of it, yet I get it now, I am trash. I looked at the ground all icy, shiny, and snow-covered, I could feel myself ruddiness and, realizing it was making it worse, then I could have ever imaged, I gave a false laugh and said, ‘I lost him, I lost him.’

Part: 32

Just feel him up- I mean her- as I used too, I was thinking in a moment of rage. ‘Oh my,’ she failed to hide her surprise when she got to feel her boobs to see what boobs felt like that where not mine, and puss- puss too, all hands-ie, they are eating there whatever- slop and make him there cute girl toy to be, at the café, while Sasha and the other one the girl that looks like her face was hit by a frying pan, nodded, and smiled, saying you are one of us now, you do not need trash, your popular. ‘A truth of life, for a small town- no?’

The girl with the new hole, is a hit with the girls, a boy that is a girl, they get it, it is the coolest thing to them, yet not me, I wanted the dick, not this dick she is. And that girl, make the bullying boys back off, I never- ever had that…

I could not remember the name of a single- one of them. Not one… I couldn’t think of a good name to call them either, I just stood there, rubbing my lower lip with my forefinger, shaking my head, and eventually, the

one girl said, ‘Top secret, is it, you and I and what we’re doing tonight?

Are these girls simply weird like that, or what? I do not get it. What do they see in her now being- as well as her?

They did not want to bother before now- why now, and why would she well not bother with them now?

Do not want you saying anything until, now but its- ending I know so, I changed it today on Facebook, and doing so-o, I lost the little friends I have, the contracts, all

have dropped on my phone too, over this all, it is all official.

It is complicated…

It was bullshit, and he knew it, he did it to save me, for have a life of wanting more, yes right, is that she is saying to everybody.

Crazy… no?

(Goo-goo eyes made…)

And everybody bought it, but me, like the whole lot- but everyone pretended they care about me, and they

do not, and nodded along, sucking on my food at lunch, ham salad.

The grope of girls was looking over their shoulder through the window, they were embarrassed for me, they wanted a way out.

Part: 33

I see- that girl- put her hand on her forearm, I flowed them through the part they were on their date if you want to call it that I did, ‘It’s great to see you, Rachel.’

She pity was almost profound about it. I had never realized, not until the last year or two of my life, how shaming it is to be pitied. And that is what I saw there looking out the bushes, of them sucking face sitting on the bench, with the light flickering at the duck.

God get a room!!! (I thought.)

We never got this far this fast- I through there too.

Look at the tongue flicking ear licking- tit grabbing, lip biting, and ass squiring, and grossness… holding, and

puss- puss grabbing, 3rd basing, going on, and they did it- it all, and they did… it all- all the sexy stuff- and stuff- and shit, I'm sure… sex- sex, and more f-n sex- they had it in them all night, and if not together they were soloing and showing it to each other, and then doing each other, I saw it all, I sure- of that too, I am sure of it.

Stuffing anyone…?

I could just see all the toys in my duty mind, then they were, using them, glass, 2-point O in the butt holes- rabbit wiggling, both at the same time,

God, look at them go- side by side, and oh- facing- making.

I was even touching…

I wonder if it is double-sided. You know what it is, don’t you? IT! The girl’s best friend at the end of a hard day- it! A creeper said- ‘sucker her nipples’ I swear to you… I hear it far in the park's background nose. I shit you not… Home- run after home run- and fun-

fun- fun- hun. I would know, I saw it all-

on her- Rachel's bed, on hers, they did this- and that, as I thought, and it was double-sided- smashing.

(What I saw)

Pure Enrichment Peak Wand Massager was held on them until, N-joy Pure Wand on her, and it should have been me- me- me, getting the G- spot loving- of my dreams, like this- I want her/him now.

The Candy Cane Waterproof Vibrator was going hardcore, and in her than her, and back. The Conquest Clit Stimulator and I thought I had it

bad, with want to cum more than 6 times a day, not. Okay, now I am horny, and said not allowed- in my head- I think it me and my own Candy Cane toy tonight, yet I am trash for 6 dollars, that all I could get, and some others yet I not telling you that.

So, she will be with her in this why yet not with me, how would that make you feel?

I know what it did to me… I know.

I saw all 69 things they were doing- like with- with each other too,

down there- you know there… so yah- eating out, it happened. Good for her, like I never had that- and I wanted it from him, yet she got from him being her- good for the two of them, 4 years of us for one week with the- good- good. I am a girl- you would too if you were me.

I do not get it, I have what she has and more, and it not been used, as hard, or as open as she was just saying.

Then I thought that one over, not so…

Never been there yet…with a lover, never, yet I have… had lots of bad sex, anyone wants me, after daddy… that is why she/he passed on taking me?

I am deserting to have sex, with someone, that is not my dad and my age!

Even- I get it now… even I…

She is even still scared down there, yet you would not know if you did not know, yet she is trying to cover it with a light covering over her brown hair down there, it looks the part… I

was blown away. I was standing on a talus… looking in the window, um -like a creep- I know- yet I was in love with the now her- Haven.

‘My heart is falling out of my ass’ - and you and them could give a shit!

Part: 34

I sat down in the shade beneath a sugar- maple tree, thinking of the unfilled hours ahead, replaying the conversation in the coffee shop, remembering the look on all those mean-ie girls face, when she said

goodbye to me, it was all over for me, and whom I was, I am, and was going to me be.

I must have been there for less than half an hour when, I got a text message, and I could feel the vibration in my jeans.

I held out for about three minutes or so-o, before, I repossessed the phone and dialed into voice mail, hoping for I want you not them, speech yet did not get it, no all I got was my mom bitching- 99 times, about nothing,

and that I should- well just F-n dye! Or find a train, and run into it, head on!

It was her again, texting from the shop saying, this is for me be happy for me, and understand.

I let the text go, and did not say anything back, why would I? I for one, like tried to ignore it, like life! Yet, sucking at it is what I do, so you cannot ignore suck!

Today, I did the unthinkable smashed it off the ground- the phone that is, and I knew, I could not get another; I put the phone back into my

bag, and I did not want to hear any more, not today, was already awful enough and it was not yet ten-thirty in the morning, and I was sick of hearing the drama, of all them, saying I am wrong.

Wrong- I did get it. I the bad one, here, not wanting to go on, yet that not the whole truth.

I steadied myself for the anguish of hearing his/her voice-the voice, that used to express to me with amusement, and light and now is used

only to reproach or comfort or pity-but it was not him/her.

My skin was itching, so I got to my feet and walked to the cornerback to shop, they were gone, I could not breathe, and I could not stop my brain from racing.

I went in and sat down, there, I opened the first one, and drank it as fast as, I could, grabbing it fasts out-a-the cooler, and then opened, the in like one second less than two- I am sure.

The voice, in my head, was not my own, form that moment on, I

snapped, in the head, and like half dyed, to the world, I may have stocked, they say no, yet I say yes. All over a boy and love, it is possible… no?

I could not see them, turned my back to the path, and I got under the table, I could pretend like a child that they could not see me.

‘Them- the two girls, without her, they're looking at me saying shit.’ Long pause, and I blacked out, and I did not remember, anything more than like a year, or those days, just in patches-like.

I woke up in the ER with no way to pay for it yet, that said I was just fatigued, she was standing there, and I was in one of those sex grows they give, showing way too much of my lower end to the world, and sure the canteen was not drawn. Sorry, my ass was showing, they all saw hair vagina…

‘Look, I know you’re having a tough time,’ she says, as though she has nothing- to do with me feeling like the world has end or do with my pain I feel over her being the only one that

there for me in my life, ‘but you can’t call us at night all the time.’

Her tone is trimmed, cantankerous. I got you a new track phone, and I am the only one/ name/ number in the contacts, ‘It’s bad enough that you wake me up, don’t call me, take the phone, I don’t want it. I see you need more rest to come around, she throws the phone at me, smacking me in the face, but you wake, she said: why- are you not being nice to me? She questioned, and that is just not acceptable, for you to be doing this

to me, I was always nice to you, she said, and I screamed leave, and all the NR's LPN's- girls at the desk were looking in my room, with glares on their faces.

'I need to talk to you about the phone, she said the next, day laying like un-top of me, in my hospital bed.' Extra-long pause- she is talking to me, and doing something else, multitasking, puffing on an E-cig, through her lime-green braces. You're going to have to go- and get off her bed, we're struggling to get her to sleep through

now of it all- the nurse said, along with she has been difficult.'

'We're careworn, trying to get her to sleep through the night, and even day, she doesn't need you here she said.' We, us, them, our little family- so they. 'F*cking bitch,' back off, she said, she was escorted, out by to man, banned for life at Miners Hospital, or problems and our routines, of her being her, and being me. She has taken everything from me, she yelled kicking and screaming, as they drag her out… She has taken everything

now; she calls me to tell me that my anguish is inopportune for her? I give the phone to the staff, saying: ‘I don’t care what you do with it.’

Part: 35

A blissful rush of alcohol hitting my bloodstream, I am-a partying with my N-E-EEW FRIENDS, lasts only a few minutes, and then, I feel sick, not over the drinking over her. I am going too fast, even for me, with my changes, I need to slow down, and think, if I do not slow down something bad is going to happen, I can feel it.

I am going to do something, I will regret. Like losing out, on something or someone, or anything, so on, I am going to call her back, I am going to tell her I do not care about her, and I do not care about her family, matters, and shit, and I do not care if her my child never gets a good night's sleep for the rest of its life, with her dad walking around with dick hanging out- like a dyed baby bird.

I am going to tell her, that the line he used did not work, with me-do not expect me to be sane, I said about

it, she used me, and got them that not right… text message: I been think *n* bout *u- n-* me if we were alone how it would *b*, I would kiss *u* all over till *ur* feel *n* hot then give *u* feel n when I hit the spot, *4* I love yah baby.

Thx U 4 U Bn U

< This passes as writing in my classroom, I think NOT, in life! We do not know to double the coincident, were to use a comma, how to even write a freaking sentence. We do not know how to drop the ‘e’ in write, to make it- now present tense, (and yet

that was wrong no) we do not know that either, to add an ending.

Without text helpers like everything turned on in a word, that they do not let us use, or electronics where F-ed, and all fail, we are all dumb, and it is not us, is the teachers not doing anything to hear- we are not allowed to talk, or it is being belligerent. We all so dumb where happy, that is why every other word is F*ck- that we use or say- it is all we know, we do not have a vocabulary to elaborate. I love it anyway, like- I knew

what he meant, yet nobody, I know has looked at a book, notebook, or has thought about having or using either.

This how we all write, and it is passed as okay, then the teachers do not care about us, just like math, reading, and life, they do not care, they want to be paid and that all they care about, so we do not take their jobs. When we were first together; she/he wrote it in a text to me, like no-one uses paper to write, are you kidding me, that would be the way of the past, look at all the kids in my class they do

not even know how to hold a pen nevertheless use one to spell words on a paper.

My dad got laid off his job, his woman left him for banging me his little girl, and other little girls and he lost part of his ear, at the Barns-Sterling and Tucker coal mines, now it is finding work, even if it is illegal, around here is moonshining, come done to the old factory, and it you a jar. Or drugs laundering at the music shop in the town, where you can get a mixed custom Gibson, for your obsession, and

nose candy for your fixation, and your needles for your relaxation done right, by a man that looks like Tom Patty's twisted dicking tween.

You walk in there and it looks like a- shit cyclone went off in the store for all the trades for their ho-hum needs. (Starch- starch) a shop where I was told to take my custom guitar and shove it, or I kill you, all I wanted was stings… yet being me all trash-ie and shit, I think he through others thing from what they say, not what I say, what I say is always twisted- in many

ways. I was chased out with a shotgun- I shit you not! Life in a small town- that how it is… saying- ‘your dad owes me…’

~*~

He was declaring his undying passion, for me, I am sure. Everything she has is secondhand, like me also, how does she know something she not- with new girlfriends, I want to know how that makes her feel, and how that would feel to be her.

I want to call her back, and then no- then yes- then no, and ask her,

What does it feel like, being one of them, she is living in my house, for Christ-say-k's surrounded by the furniture, I bought, for she and I, it's all cheap, yet it what we have, to sleep in, the bed is a day bed she and I share, oh well that what we have not had anyone that cares, that I shared with him for years, also, I remember the first time, we were 5 or so, and I was so turned on I could not sleep not know what it was- yet it was not long till I did with daddy.

I still find it astonishing, that she chose to stay there, in that house,

in my house, even after I said get out, yet she there and, I am here in the ER for another half week or so. I could not believe it when she told me, she was not taking all her things, or not leaving my side, never- ever. ‘I loved that house,’ she said, ‘and you and I in it, it’s all we have like each other.’ I was the one who claimed we keep it, despite its location, and had to overpay to her mom.

I liked life down there on the tracks, I liked- and love watching the trains go by, I enjoyed the sound of

them, it is relaxing to me, you cannot take the farm out of me, I never be a city girl, the old-fashioned trundling of ancient rolling stock through Rockville is always going to be me- and she.

‘It won’t permanently be like this, they will eventually upgrade the line to more tracks, and then it will be fast trains ear-piercing past the home, I am sure of that too, just like me get all new parts, I don’t want to see that- either, slow-moving is how this town works.’ Nonetheless, I could not have confidence in, that it would never- ever-

in fact, happen- ever- I am- sure of that. I would have stayed there all my life, with her as me now, feel like me on the inside and out… that is I can keep a $2 an hour job and make $300 a year, to pay to live, to those that do not want us too.

I did not, though, and her mom was going to say get you old enough to do it on your own I did, no one is going to hold your hand, it was upon the market- saying: for sale by owner, yet she/ we could not find a buyer for the price we divorced, so instead she said, I

give it to you two for rent, if you can keep if not the town will rip it away out for under you.

Part: 36

Mom- So-o buy me out, she said, and we did, by getting her in jail for drugs, and sexy- stuff for less than a year, and for stilling a car to, that we had in the year of the same length of time, it was junk yet, I dove in to not even thinking it was hot, yet that’s how things are around here. Do- and not think, for you do not know any better, we say- she said, yet their law said it

not to be that way. We did not by her out we set her up to the failure at life as she did for me, and she. ‘It doesn’t pay, we’ll get you back!’

I am in the ER- yet I still freak myself, 10 times a day, if they want to look go head, I not stopping you. I do not change my ways of life for anyone, 5 when I week up and 5 before bed, it the only way I can sleep, and a go why to start the shity day- ahead, by thanking God for it! I can help loving myself.

I cry and then get happy with movies and MTV, and then said wanting her and my cat. And then I eat, like nothing and 2- finger away… I hear some little girls say- ‘Mommy- mommy, ah- ah- um- I do that too.’ And she was like 10! And a girl was looking with an eyebrow up, I just grinned, thinking little slut! And there I am looking for a train tonal start on. All I got was some nares saying attest draw the carton… they took my button thing-ie away, saying I was overusing that too.

Yet, I have a TV that is cool!

And I cum-ed and rubbed it all down the walls above my bed, I know it will be there forever, some of me thee for all time, at least I have made my make in history, now, just to show how much I love them, for shity- taking care of me, that I must pay for at some point… hardcore, the ruff is their style… Yet it not as freaked up as have her before she was fully her, in the school lot looking like- a girl, yet jacking it, you know it, like a boy- still, with her new girlfriend, and yet that on YouTube too. Yet she trans and gets away with mood

swings, me doing that I would get thrown out, yet she has a doctor's slip, explain everything. Try taking that down, it is not illegal to post young sex- sorry.

Nope! And get up out of this bed, no do not think so-o.

Haven- The strangest thing was the first day waking up was not having a pee-pee. No- like I had this thumping clit-ie under a pad instead. I love where the girl underwater, or as the most girl not wear any, and just wear tight leggings to show it all off in the front,

and in the back. We would never get the right price for it- it being the house, not in the way all the other one around us look too, it not- uncommon to walk in a home around her and see dog sit on the floor, and a lightbulb hanging down from bar junction boxes.

Me- But we never found the right buyer, even though the sign is still out in the foundation year we all too lazy to take the song down; yet only some dumb butts ask for a quote, instead we moved her in me, and we took the dumb for what it is, and she

loved the house as I did- even if, and we decided to stay.

She must be very secure in herself, to show me, and the world what she looks now on Twitter show full nudes; I suppose, she has a right to, I mean- if you want to- there is like no one stopping you, or showing all of you to the world, I think about how, I am wearing my younger sister’s clothes, using the same brush for our hairbrush, toothbrush, and hair ties, we share it all, I have to be her mom and dad, yet she still living with him over in the

park, on the weekends, I have it made until I can make a payment.

I think to myself, that have fallen asleep, the lowing glow, and the hot sun comforting me, to do just that. I woke with a start, scrabbling around desperately for my handbag. It was still there, my skin was itchy, I was alive with bed bugs, the sheets have not been changed seen my mom left, and I do not know how to wash, I am only 15, they were in my hair, in my butt crack, on my neck, chest, and biting me; I was scratching them away, I bounded to my

feet. The train stops outside, I look from the high up bedroom window.

Haven- my thing to do when sad, and think about her is gone for a walk, I am across the carriages left, on the tracks, there are too many people in the way, upon the path, she and I always said, and the town sucks anyways, way- the tracks where always our get-a-way, make sector.

The spray paint of our names, my real name with hers, I wonder whether if I should change it, and see if it still there, I am sure someone has

painted over it after all these years, whether he knows, whether she going to make a full recovery…, or whether she is still living, with some issues, a life she is yet to discover is a lie, the fact that she is living with less in her head the rest, yet I am in denial, about what they say.

~*~

Me- It is some MORNING of someday- and I do not care. I know without looking at a clock, the time, that it is somewhere between seven thirdly-five and eight. I know from the

superiority of the light, from the resonances of the boulevard outside, about 300 yards away from my window, from the sound of the town over the way across the tracks the chamois hallway right outside my room.

I roll over and fall to sleep again, I get up early to clean the house every Saturday, yes that is, do that, at the crack of noon, no matter what, I have too at some point.

(Thinking back to the change)

I remember- It could be her birthday, all over today, she now a girl,

in a way it was a new birth a new identity, it could be the morning of the end of all time, and she would sleep through it, and she will get up early on Saturday to clean if I drop her cut small- jiggly butt out of the bed hitting the floor only. She says it is purifying, it sets her up for a good weekend, and because she cleans the house in a night top and have sweet paints rolled down at the waist, meaning she can crash afterword's, it means she does not have to go to the gym, if that all she has on… and to do it on that day.

It does not bother me, early morning vacuuming, since I would not be asleep anyway, with her hair backside running around in less than what is decent. More like a nude girl and a sticky pad, just hang, but that's- TMI right… sorry. I love to freeze, snot running, eye bogged girls, a 6 am.

(Mumm-ah)

Ha- she shaves just being sick. I- Haven, like cannot sleep in the mornings; I cannot snooze tranquility pending the middle of the day, with her. The day springs out in front of me,

not a minute of it bursting. I wake tersely, my breath sharp and heart racing, my mouth decayed, and I personally know that is it. I am awake and do not want to be. The more I want to be unconscious, the less I can be. Life expectancy and sunlit will not let me be, it seems, I lie there, listening to the sound of the world lost in it like time, with the ghost of it in my brain as another girl from another time. Crucial, joyful, and busyness, I think about the clothes on the side of the railway, we left before he was, she, and I drift into a sleep of dream of him inside me…

The dream- we are next line kissing, loving in the morning sunshine, and the sex is long and slow, what teen girl like me dream about.

2:00-sh.

I could go to the fitness center, for the one that does not have money for a membership. I could sit on the sofa with a cup of coffee and Saturday kitchen show on TV on channel 3 with bunny ears, and VHS. I could rewrite my report for school- yes right like I have homework. I could wait for her to leave the house, go to her shity job, to

support me, being me now, I crack open some rose wine that was ¢99, that was left in the cabinet, it was dry, and I want to just get out of my head, even more, and sleep, lost in the dreams of what if. This was that- that was this.

She was already sleeping and me getting in the bed with her would not have worked.

Part: 37

I opened my eyes and listened to the rain pounding against the cracked pane window that is slip into fours, and it is now like 5-sh out, I sleep

for that long. I felt her behind me, sleepy, warm, soft body molding to mine, her hips just fit ever so nice in my behind.

Afterward, she went to get the snail mail, and I made leftover from like 3 days ago- when I went to the café, we sat in the kitchen drinking whatever bar or alcoholic thing we could find or get our hands-on, we have older boys for that too, and my dad, never really knows where all the bear goes, we went to the pub for a late lunch, at 9- it was the only place open all other places

close at 7:30 pm., we fell asleep until then and I had the alarm sit, tangled up together in front of the TV in our room that is nothing but snow.

Transparent plastic over the other window, I imagine it is different for him now, then with me, and then like nothing has changed at all, it is all the same, he is just she, lazy Saturday oral sex and leftovers, and double-sided dildo, smashing and sleep and more than- and sleep- and more that, instead a different sort of joy, or have a man- I have a girl that we will never get me

there, you know there, I am just a little girl tucked up with a little and wife is not what I wanted.

She will be just learning to talk now, I have her one day out of the week- all ‘Dad-a’ and ‘Mam-a, she is now, learns to walk.’ The baby is in our room, in my old crib, and we do what we can, on food stamps and welfare, and a secret language incomprehensible to anyone but a parent. Yet, my dad is more fit then- we. I do not think, so yet that is more of

that and or in their own lawmaking in my hometown.

I do not have heat in all the room, just in the bedroom with one space heater, I do not have $600 a month for heating oil, for this old house, that has no pink stuff- in the walls, its hollow, (yet it is not falling all the way down, they say I have it really-nice.) and there are holes in the roof, and I trapped it the best I could.

And put rugs down at the doors, yet it is cold when it hits -17° out; yet that makes me on fit, for you,

all failed me to this point. I walk everywhere I go- in the town, even in the cold, I must, I do not have it- it being money, education, and some that cares. I wonder at night, if I should be walking the streets, it is a small town, yet I do not feel safe, being a small girl in a big, small town. I should have a car, a high paying job, a life, and a man… like them, yet no, we do not have that… we have pained fail, by the ones that disrespect us, yet we must give that to them - I do not think so-o.

Yet, no one wants to help someone out, it is all me- me- me, no love anymore in the small town, for someone like me, it is all for them. The pain is solid and heavy, it sits in the middle of my chest. I cannot wait for this all to stop, it is the ache of loss and the thump of something new sparking, and to leave the house, and take my walk along the tracks holding her hand.

Dad- ‘Some young girls turn depressed awfully young. No singular motive, it seems, but they seem to be born that way. They bruise easier, tire

earlier, cry more rapidly, remember longer, and as- I say, get sadder younger than anyone else in the world.

I know, for I'm one of them, and I can’t say I fail them sorry, they don’t want to work or try.’

‘You can fix ignorant and confrontational attitude!’

~*~

(SUNSET)

December 13, 2014-

Haven- I ran into Santa, and just playing along with the man in the suit, I asked him, sitting on his lap, for a vibrator, and his draw draped, for I was 13, yet looked 10. I have always been same, all the way backs as I remember, I was never a boy in my mind, I love all that was girl-ie, and playing with girl toys pink, and dolls, my little ponies, and things like that, dress, makeup, nail polish, cute girl 2 piece swimsuits, singing, dancing, tag with girls only, boys had *coodie's*, and were unpleasant, I would not have where pj's to bed it had to be a night

top nothing more, with all that tucked under, I did not want to see it. Eyelashes had to be, right long and pushed up, lips had to be pink at 13 and up.

I remember, think I do not want a boy, I want her, yet be the same as her. I asked him to bring we a girl and put her under my tree, and to make me one, and he said a real girl or a blow-up, I said I take either if you do this for me, I believe in you and GOD! He said both are to help you, why not… believe and have faith?

It for the good of all how is that wrong? I said I guess your right- thanks, I left with new hope in my fading young heart.

Me- so at the same time at the Salateah mail, I want and sat on Sant, he had a hardon at this point, with all these little sluts asking for- ho-hum- toys. Sant got more then he asked for with Rockville that year.

Haven- I am going to see the new me soon- I said to my mom and dad. I got my sex change, though, Obama care act, it was paid for, for I

tried cutting it off and there was nothing they could do in the ER but remove it. ‘Good reddens,’ I said to my pee-pee waking up, and then it was psychological test, from that day on, all they said is that she is sick, think he needs to be a she, and she wants to be so-o lit her, she over the age mom and dad you do not have a say in the ER, she is now what she wants- and that is her right. And my mom and dad, left me there, saying they never want to see me again, not even a handhold did I have someone understanding me, what to be well me! This was my only gift to me, I

never got the right toys or the right dress, I never had all the things those girls had, and damn- it …I was getting it! I was never loved, as the girl, I was on the inside! She was the only one that kind-a sort-a did, and I love her for that too.

Doctor Marshel- ‘He used nail scissors, and a sting.’

Mom- ‘He was not cut as a baby, was that what he was doing?’

Doctor- I think not, and you should know… it was at the base, of the shaft, -Miss. (judging tone)

Doctor- He thinks she is she, and by the test on the inside of her mind she is…

I- Haven, was going to bleed to death, they said on the ambiance, yet I did not care, I want to be a girl- a girl- a girl! And if death was the way to be it- then so be it!

I recall not get anything under the tree, now if you would do, that to your kid, your child would sue. Think that is funny, I heard a man at Walmart- saying just that to me, when I saw his brat screaming and hitting in

the left nut. Saying- ‘Santa’s see you!’ ‘That doesn’t work anymore-’ he said.

Part: 38

(Now)

I spent all day in my bedroom, waiting for Haven to go out so that I could have a drink. She did not. I was being lazy in the living room on the lazy boy, at the place where I like to just spare- out, and do my whatever, under like ten blanks, and throw them off at the peak. By late afternoon I could not stand the imprisonment or the boredom any longer, even with cuming also, so I

told her I was going out for a walk down by the tracks, that when she was done over the way on her sofa, to meet me at the cross-track, yes, we look at each other doing it is normal right? Then, I walked to the station, bought a couple of cans of gin and tonic and got onto the train.

(Back)

Haven- For as long as anyone can remember, the students of ‘Rockville High’ have inwards at school on the last Monday in September to find a list naming the prettiest and the

ugliest girl in each grade. I was there, as a boy, and want to be on the other ends of things, as one of the girls.

Me- I am going to see if I can do something tonight maybe go to a movie but I do not have 50 dollars to blow on shit like that, I thought about an E-book, yet I do not have 10 to blow either, I would rather have a new sex toy for 30, at least I can keep getting what I want. I like to keep all my glass dildo on the mantle of my fireplace, and I love to rub my clit with on hand and use one at the same time and have two

go off at the same time- orgasms that is.

Haven- This year will be no different, I remember saying- after I did what I did, I did not regret it though, walking in as the boy with no- ween-n-ie. Four hundred copies of other girl's photos for photo day, went out, yet not me, I wanted to be one of those preppy girls, I was determined to be.

One cranked up pic. is tapped above, me and her in my locker door, the girl of my dream, if she no longer wants me, for me being me. the urinal

in the first-floor boys' bathroom, was no longer for me, I was going in- into the girl's room, looking seeing being one of them, it the smell of new, and girlie pee- it was thrilling to me at 13, I got my first temp. and said, I see what it is all about, even if I do not bleed as they do ever, I bleed in the ER to make up for it.

All the girls were talking about where pennies from Heaven AKA- dick pics, as I was sitting down on the pot- as a girl- what I always wanted- to spray it out of me as they do, one girl

has her phone all tucked between her in the next stall over she dating, a football player, violence, is what I here after 5 hours of brainwashing she, get off hard to his pic, and sexy texts, I want that with my dream girl, or maybe just her, yet she is not into me, as me now, and depression, of what to do with me in some class having to ask the nurse's office, about me in PE was getting to me also, I am a girl-girl- girl, I said to the office deal with it.

The list is affixed to locker doors, slipped inside classroom desks,

stapled to bulletin boards. They did not know how to take me, yet girls are sweet, they soon fall in love with me in my new class, all new girls, they held me back a year also, saying fresh faces would be good for my state of mind. And I did not care I was getting where I need to be as the real me, so I am with 12-year-old girls, and love it! A new class of real girls, that is not mean to me.

So, high school was put off for a year okay, I love the idea of getting away from them, the only one I missed

was her. To be in the other building with a girl that a not mean to me was all I really wanted, and I would learn something to with a class that did goof off- all the time, I do what more than they.

I am not going to visit her if she did not want me too if she did not love me anymore, she was at her dad's dump then, and I was with my mom, and her many men, that would flake out, on her after the quickie, I seen it all over them home- gross! I am not going to turn up at his and her house

and knock on the door, one it would fall off, too she would eat me out for it. Oh- deadly worded, um- give me hell!

Yah that works…

Nothing like that, nothing at all crazy- or silly. I just want to go past the house, roll by stroll next to the train, think about ways to be new, and that was a new girl too, in a new grade, and new school, it felt, strange but right, I was finally coming into my own- as a preteen girl. I had had a nothing better to do, and I do not want to go home, so I was making my intentions, I just want

to see her, yet wanted a fresh start. I want to see her- yet it was increasingly- no, I was not caving to her- like always in the past, I am no longer that boy- I am adorable - kick ass girl!

Part: 39

This is not a good idea- I had the immoral throughs. I know it is not a clever idea, to go over there yet I did, just to look in the window, and I saw her and her dad, doing it, and I was really done, I knew about it before, yet I thought she was joking about him going down on her; I could see some

but not this- it was too much, this was the only dirty window that was not plywood boarded up. It 1983 carefree, orange and cream!

An embossing stamp has dimpled the bottom right corner of each copy, of my new agenda and notebooks, I was really going to do it this year, and make the grades, leaving behind the scar of the high school kids that moved on without me, concentrated as a line drawing- that I did, start to bleed, it was all I had of my past life, the new gymnasium, they

added on was not what I thought it was going to be after a 3 million dollar renovation, to the middle school, and a wing of high-tech science labs were added, along with removing all that is art-ie. Not needed currently they say.

This stamp had certified every graduation diploma, for 8th grade, and mine was not completed, it was ripped into two, and handed to me by my mom, before it was stolen from the principal's desk two days ago, before my change. It is now a piece of fairytale

illegal imports used to dishearten impressionists or rivals.

But what harm can it do? Trying new things- I through at the time. I want to be closer; I cannot see. I want to be closer to them, those girls I want to be, and I do it, I am making new girlfriends and girls that are friends.

Mine record of BS, that they have attached with the old me, no one knows for sure who authors of it were, yet they have the right to say whatever- and do whatever and I have not to say

in my say- I don’t say so, so I killed the old me as they would say to do, and started over, or how the responsibility is passed along, with a new record, I knew they would have to pass me, like me, and not make up a me, that is not me, like before, I was calling what they said, or it was under investigation, secrecy it has not impeded practice, her- there making all easy passes for me, or the school we are sued, for my doctors, say it was the school that did this to me. If anything, the guaranteed anonymity makes the judgments of the list appear more absolute, impartial,

unbiased, yet the school would not cave to me, passing. Yet I did not care… and my mom and dad… said do as you want with her pin… scribble on the line sale me to them.

Three weeks into the 8th-grade year:

My mouth is dry, it hurts to swallow. My heartbeat feels as though it is at the base of my throat, uncomfortable and loud. I roll onto my side; my face turned to the window and look out from my window thinking about what I did- and then I must stop

and say this is how I want it and need it.

The second throughs are killing me as I am failing, and it not on me… even the doctors would say. The light there it hurts my eyes, as I look at the old streetlights, that flicker. I bring my hand up to my face- and cry like a girl; I press my fingers against my eyelids, trying to rub away the ache, of not having her.

My fingernails are filthy, so-o unlike the girl, I should be, not all the boy is out-a me yet, and my legs fuzzy.

I feel as though I am falling, and failing at everything like, I did before the change, and it is not this new me that is the problem, it is them not the kid in my grade the teachers, saying this and that, bullying me. What they say would make a grown man break down… overtime!

Part: 40

You know I could have had my *deink* in her as a- she- male, yet I did not she was wielded out by me, having the boy and face of a girl and the man’s junk, I would have, maybe yet I thought

it was wrong, at the time, I do not know what I was thinking and she holds it, agent, me, I mean I was blown to place I have never been by her yet she wants it in her, and I would not give that to her. Yet I was like 12 and did not know what I was fulling doing there, even if I thought I did. I was a little boy yet changing into a girl.

My goal in my change was to look like Ariana Grande that is what I asked for when redoing my face and body. And I know that some may say it

too much but I going to show you the photos.

(Life tip from a trans girl and what I found out: I would say to any trans boy to girl, find a girl that gets you, for she well takes you as a boy in her mind, even if you are not in your if she loves you, it will not matter. A boy would not want me, for all the gays that are with it!)

Me as a pre-teen boy moving into the girl look.

Photo here… look-it!

A day before, I said, I do not want this thing any longer, going off in my hands. I was stuffing… the top, and tape it down in school!

I am now one of those girls in my grade- I do not have the grades but I have the girls and the look that is all me, inside and out. What it looks like down there everyone asks to see it, so I just show, and say it is okay. Even at lunch at school, you can see me under the tab dropping my jeans for children to see a fast look my first year with them.

This one showing me growing my hair and looking more like a girl with the injections. And when I got my boobs, there are small, yet I love them!

The day after, in the hostel room, recovering, now if you did not know you would not.

A sexy photo I texted to her, saying ‘I love you still!’

A pic. Of me getting where I want to be looking like the singer I loved! We could pass as tweens- no? I am happy to say that Photoshop has nothing on me! Ha, I sing no- you would

rather hear an audio-tuned queef- for 3 hours than her that, cracking.

Age 14!

And now I am fully happy with the look of me, on the inside and out!

Part: 41

(Now)

Me- Sleeping next to the girl I love, as though the bed has vanished from beneath my body, I up next to her, I am there by her side, feeling her covers and her warmth. Last night, any

every night since we made up, and yes sex had something to do with it.

Something happened…

The breath comes sharply into my lungs, and I sit up, too quickly, heart racing, my puss throbbing, like my body trembling for her, I learned that she is him still on the inside, and the outside is starting to work for me now too- I think, I may be gay for her- is that how this works?

And so, with every new list, the labels that normally slice and dice the girls of Rockville High into a billion

different distinctions, poseurs, poplar's, users, losers, social climbers, athletes, airheads, good girls, bad girls, girlie girls, guy's girls, sluts, closet sluts, born-again virgins, prudes, overachievers, slackers, stoners, outcasts, originals, geeks, and freaks, to name just a few, will melt away, with me I thought at the time, I was the only thing they would be talking about. The list is refreshing in that sense. It can reduce an entire female population down to three clear-cut groups.

Prettiest, what I wanted to be…

Ugliest, where I thought I was…

And everyone else… that does not matter…

This morning, before the first homeroom bell, every girl at Rockville High will learn if her name is on the list or not. The ones who will wonder what the experience, good or bad, might have been like. The eight girls who are on it do not have a choice but live with it. I wait for the memory to come to me of the ones that were there last year, it not a list on paper, it more what we all

just know, sometimes it takes a while. Sometimes it is there in front of my eyes in seconds.

Sometimes it does not come at all. And I wanted to be on the top with all the other prettiest girls- no matter what it took, even if that was having sex with the girl to get there, show her what I am made of, I wanted to love, yet loves not how this all works.

I remember being on the steam train, today, my mind still fuzzy, yet I am getting better. I am breathing deeply, trying to slow my heart rate, to

quell the panic rising in my chest, of freaking out over what I cannot handle about it all, I think, and remember it is all going to be all right. What did I do? I got on the train and there she was, coming up the row saying it okay, I do not want to remember my past, why can I delete it- I said to her.